

# THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

VOL. 3.

SEPTEMBER 1886.

No. 30.

## Bay of the Bell.

—:o:—

With varied tones, as suits his tale to tell—  
As shifts its theme, light—serious—grave—or  
gay;  
But still where meaning frights the moral lay,  
In or its fainter note or fuller swell;  
With merry peal—sad toll—or solemn knell,  
As pleasure—pain—grief—joy—alterate sway,  
Accompanying earth's wanderer on his way,  
The poet here awakes his tuneful Bell.  
List ye the sound: 'tis healthful to attend.  
For, more than pleasing with melodious shine,  
Its strains—with sweetness—high instruction  
blend.  
It guides, through life's brief stray, to wisdom here:  
And leads, from this, beyond short-bounded  
time,  
To seek its voice in the celestial sphere!

SCHILLER.

## Allegretto.

—:o:—

THE city of Breslau recently celebrated the 500th anniversary of an occurrence which was memorable in the history of the town, and is known wherever German poetry finds a home. The bell, which hangs in the southern tower of St. Mary Magdalen's church, and is named "St. Mary's Bell," but is usually known as "the poor sinners' bell," rang out morning and evening on the 17th of July to remind all who heard it that it was cast on that day 500 years ago.

§ § §

NEXT day, Sunday, the preacher reminded his congregation of the pathetic story which has made it singular among bells, how, when all was ready for the casting, the bell-founder withdrew for a few moments, leaving a boy in charge of the furnace, warning him not to meddle with the catch that secured the seething metal in the caldron. But the boy disregarded the caution, and then, terrified on seeing the molten metal beginning to flow into the mould, called to the bell-founder for help. Rushing in and seeing what he had intended to be his masterpiece ruined, as he thought, angered to madness, he slew the boy on the spot.

§ § §

WHEN the metal had cooled and the mould was opened, the bell was found to be an exquisite work, perfect in finish, and of marvellous sweetness of tone. Coming to his senses, he recognized his bloody work and straightway gave himself up to the magistrates. "Blood for blood" was the law; he was condemned to die, and he went to his doom while his beautiful bell pealed an invitation to all to pray for "the poor sinner," whence its name. W. Müller has enshrined the sad story in a ballad of touching simplicity:—

"War einst ein Glockensieszer  
Zu Breslau in der Stadt."

LISZT was once asked by some one if he thought that Wagner was the musician of the future. "I should fancy," he replied, "that his present is great enough."

§ § §

A GOOD story ("one of that fellow Ben Trovato's") has been raked up about Liszt. It is alleged that he only adopted the tonsure to escape from a trio of wealthy widows who were vigorously competing for his hand. This would have rejoiced Mr. Weller, senior.

§ § §

THE people of Pesth are clamouring to have Liszt's body removed from Bayreuth to be buried at Pesth, and a similar claim comes from Oedenburg. As has been wittily pointed out, we may expect to see seven cities contending for the body of Liszt, as seven cities disputed the honour of being the birthplace of Homer.

§ § §

LISZT, however, expressed the wish to be buried in the place where he died, and declared his repugnance to the idea of his body being disturbed in its last resting-place, and Madame Wagner, being unwilling to permit the removal of her father's body from Bayreuth, there appears little prospect, therefore, of the wish of the Hungarians, that their great fellow-countryman should be buried in his native soil, being gratified.

§ § §

A PORTRAIT of Liszt will be the frontispiece of the September *Century*. It accompanies an illustrated article entitled "A Summer with Liszt in Weimar." There is a magnificent photograph of Liszt now exhibited in the Strand. *A propos* of this, would it not be well if lovers of music made it a practice to collect an album of photographs of musicians to show their friends instead of the regulation family album, with its faded portraits of unknown and uninteresting ladies in crinolines and gentlemen in flowered waistcoats?

§ § §

THE correspondent of the *Times* in Vienna gives an interesting account of Liszt's views on music in England:—

I had a short conversation with him about music in our country, and he observed, "England is the home of music," adding, with a laugh, "at least it is the home where musicians are best treated." He also remarked that there was so much congregational singing in English churches that our people in the mass sang more than any people on earth; and he was curious to know whether trained choirs and congregations practised much together on week days. "There ought to be congregational practice," he said; "the effect of a whole congregation singing together in good time is magnificent. The great pity is that in our churches we cannot get the people to sing."

§ § §

MUSICAL art, says *Christiani*, recognizes two kinds of music—artistic music, the production of the artist, and national music, the production of the people. If we liken music to flowers, the former would be the cultivated and the latter the wild flowers. A third kind of music, appropriately called "trash," provided by publishers, and consumed by that portion of the public which, not unlike certain long-eared animals, prefers thistles to roses, is not recognized and might be likened to the weeds which it ought to be the duty of every artist to uproot.

IT is curious to note how all music in its ultimate analysis rests on the conditions of the human voice. Instrumental music is, after all, only an imitation of vocal music. Almost all passages in ascending notes are played *crescendo*. And we find the reason in a natural law that the stress of the human voice increases when ascending, and decreases when descending.

§ § §

OUR musical theorists are endeavouring to graft on the English language a number of philosophic terms based upon German analogy. But we are afraid it will not do. "Metrik" and "Taktfreiheit" are all very well in German, but we are old-fashioned enough to prefer to "Metric" and "Tact-freedom" the familiar if less precise English equivalent of "Metre" and "Freedom of Time." So, too, "Keltic" may be more correct than "Celtic," and "Alkibiades" than "Alcibiades," but they grate harshly on the ear.

§ § §

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON gives a humorous incident in his engaging work "Kidnapped." Two deadly enemies, Alan and Robin Oig, come to a duel; but, before drawing swords, they agree to contend with bagpipes. Robin Oig played with such effect upon his instrument that Alan was fairly overcome with delighted admiration, and will not fight a man that can play so well. "Robin Oig," said he, "you are a great piper. I am not fit to blow in the same kingdom with ye. . . . It would go against my heart to haggle a man that can blow the pipes as you can." As Milton says, "Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."

§ § §

THE energy shown by the conductors of the Welsh National Eisteddfod in their endeavours to obtain presidents of mark for their annual meeting is noteworthy. By persevering efforts Mr. Gladstone was first induced to lend his name as patron, and Mr. John Bright, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Duke of Connaught, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, have been successively invited to preside; but, like the men in the parable, they all (with the exception of the Rev. H. W. Beecher) with one consent have made excuse. Mr. Beecher, however, very kindly consented to undertake the work for one day for the modest fee of one hundred pounds.

§ § §

THE enthusiastic descendants of the Ancient Britons, however, are as irrepressible as their forefathers. We next hear of a monster petition, 150 feet long, containing over 4000 signatures, being presented to Mr. Gladstone, asking him to act as president for only one day; but "the uncertainty of public business" has added this last gentleman's name to the list of refusals. The words Mr. Punch puts into Mr. Gladstone's mouth no doubt represented his feelings:

"Ask me no more; you won't draw W. G.;  
The crowd may pester me in many a shape,  
With fold on fold of paper and pink tape,  
But, I, too fond, too oft have answered ye.  
Ask me no more!"

Seeing that Welsh music is so little cared for in England, why not apply to some foreign potentate, such as the King of Siam, who might also be willing to enliven the proceedings with his band?





## Jullien.

"The Mons is the king of conductors,  
They crowned him long ago,  
With jet black hair  
And moustachios rare,  
And a waistcoat and stock of snow."—Punch.



JULLIEN IN A MOMENT OF INSPIRATION.—Punch.

It is just fifty years ago since the famous Jullien started the first Promenade Concerts. Another season of these concerts has just commenced at Covent Garden with every prospect of a brilliant success. We owe Jullien a debt of gratitude for having originated a form of entertainment which has proved to be so thoroughly in sympathy with popular tastes, and it may be interesting to reproduce some scenes from the career of this remarkable man.

Jullien was born in 1812, and in 1833 we find him at the Conservatoire in Paris; but here he was not in his element. The exercises were too much for his volatile disposition, and he refused to do them, leaving the Conservatoire without so much as an honourable mention. But he was not long in settling down to his life-work, if we can say that so flighty a man ever really settled down to anything. In 1836, he appeared as conductor of the Promenade Concerts at the Jardin Ture. Jullien was by this time full-fledged and displayed all those eccentricities which were soon to be pilloried in the pages of *Punch*. When the orchestra was ready to begin, a trap-door sprang open, and Jullien crept out, bâton in hand, giving the signal for the attack as he landed on his feet. Already he had produced one of his so-called "Quadrilles," the subject being the opera of "Les Huguenots," the last sensation in Paris. The Parisians must have opened their eyes, or rather their ears, at the discharge of musketry which enlivened this somewhat undanceable quadrille. But somehow the enterprise did not take, and M. Jullien's creditors made it desirable for him to take a trip to London. He soon, however, took root in London, and in 1840 commenced at Drury Lane Theatre, with an orchestra of ninety-eight performers and a chorus of twenty-six, the series of Promenade Concerts which he managed to keep up for a period of about twenty years. Jullien became quite the rage, and the literature of the period is full of references to him. In particular our old friend Mr. Punch is never tired of poking fun at the Mons, as he calls him.

We all know the "British Army Quadrilles;" we have all heard the advance of the distant pipers and drummers; we have all been inclined to hold our ears at the noise of the battle-scene as given by the combined bands. This was first produced in 1848, the year of Revolution, and was regarded as a sort of loyal and patriotic manifesto. Mr. Punch gives the following description of the scene in the theatre:—

"The performance of the five bands is insignificant after all, compared with the performance of the audience. The enthusiasm of the latter knows not only no bounds, but tolerates no hats, and indeed such is the demolition of these articles of head-dress that 'God save the Queen' as now played is a grand hatter's movement in at least forty flats; for no less than two score of hats are nightly flattened on the heads of those who cannot raise their arms for the purpose of uncovering and showing their loyalty. Many an unfortunate individual, who is too crowded to be able to show his respect for Her Majesty's crown suffers in his own, by having his hat converted into a temporary *Gibus*; and though the sentiment of loyalty

which inspires the onslaught upon the rebellious beavers may be all very well, we think it hard that the public should be kept with their hats in hand raised high in the air during the capricious solos with which the National Anthem is interlarded.

"No one could object to keep his hat off while the air is played; but it is rather hard to preserve a most uncomfortable attitude while Koenig is shaking for a quarter of an hour over 'Happy and glorious,' or Prospero is grumbling about 'their politics' for ten minutes through his monster opacicle. We hope M. Jullien will in mercy to the public cut out all the superfluous twiddling which detracts as much from the simple grandeur of 'God save the Queen' as it tries the loyalty by taxing the patience of the hatless crowd who are obliged to preserve a most awkward and uneasy posture while listening."

Every year came another "Quadrille," generally with some reference to the events of the day. Thus a "Quadrille on the Fall of Sebastopol" was the *pièce de resistance* at the opening of the Promenade Concerts in November, 1855. On this *Punch* is very severe:—

"Looking at the programme with a practical eye and a recollection of divers first sets, and the duty to be done therein, we seem to see a little difficulty in the way of any eight or sixteen couples who may call out for 'The Sebastopols.' One of the subjects is 'Dialogue of the Chiefs during the passing the banks of the beautiful Tchernaya.' This might possibly be adapted to the dialogue of the partners during the performance of the beautiful *pas seul*. 'The cavalry gradually disappear' may be a hint to a gentleman to hope that a lady's hoarseness is going off. But after the business begins in earnest, and the themes so appropriate to a ball-room or theatre (where is scarcely an individual who has not mourned relative or friend lost in the fray now set to the fiddle), are being fairly worked out, when the French 'rush with the rapidity of an eagle,' and the 'gallant English fall by hundreds and die like heroes'—we do not see how the setting and turning and ladies' chain illustrate the subject. Nor though the roar of the cannon, the whistling of the bullets, the cries of the fugitives, and the ships blown into the air, may, according to M. Jullien's charming phraseology 'form an awful fête' (does he mean a pun?), it does not seem exactly a *fête dansante*. Then too, in the finale, 'a soldier, mortally wounded, is borne up a hill and prays,' &c., at length 'dying happy,' a subject which must, one would think, be treated in slow time, and a little out of place in the gallop at the end of the quadrille; nor should we care to hear, 'Now, then, mortally wounded, all round.'"

"Such a theme for a quadrille must surely have been selected in deference to the gents who acted as jackals to the swell-mob on the opening night of M. Jullien's concerts. English society has not yet learned to like its quadrille music mixed up with blood, groans, and tears, and must condemn the bad taste that found in the terrible incidents of a siege materials for an Awful Fête."

Another followed on the Siege of Delhi in 1857, a strange subject surely for a quadrille. Lady Havelock was present on the opening night of the concerts, and Jullien added to the effect of his "Quadrille" by pointing her out with his bâton for the plaudits of the audience; on which Mr. Punch remarks, "that though he treats the simial feats of a Jullien with good nature, there is but one feeling among Mr. Punch's readers, that is, English society, touching the impertinence that made a lady its victim for the sake of giving *éclat* to a piece of musical quackery."

We may take leave of Mr. Punch in quoting his programme of the "Police Quadrille," a companion to the "Army and Navy Quadrilles." It would make an attractive feature at the "Colinderies" if Dan Godfrey could be got to take the hint.

### Police Quadrille.

FIGURE 1. Grand muster of the men on their beat. *Pas accéléré* of the pickpockets, and *pas redoublé* of the constables.

FIGURE 2. Rattling of the area rails. Triangle solo. Appearance of the Cold Mutton. Oboe solo, Cook.

FIGURE 3. Assembly of the Chartists on Kennington Common. "Come if you dare!" speech of the Chartist orator, introducing the new drum, called the humdrum, brought over by Mons. Jullien from France expressly for this occasion.

FIGURE 4. The crowded thoroughfare. Politeness of the police to the female passengers. Love and duty.

FIGURE 5. Gathering of all nations and all vehicles at the entrance of the Crystal Palace. Flagellation of the cab-horses. Solo flageolet, Mr. Collinet. The meeting of the coal-waggons. Saxhorn *obligato*. *Trema, trema, scelerato*. A purse is lost in the confusion. *Il mio tesoro*. Running accompaniment. Blocking up of the thoroughfare. Grand Concert Stuck, until all burst forth into the glorious cry of "MOVE ON."

All this came to a sad end. Jullien realized a handsome fortune from the Promenade Concerts, but his restless nature, which would not remain content with the success already achieved, prompted him to new dramatic ventures on a scale of ruinously lavish magnificence; and he was ultimately reduced to beggary. His trouble affected his reason, and in March, 1860, he died in a lunatic asylum at Paris, immediately after a notice had appeared of the collection of a fund for his support by public subscription.

There was much of the charlatan in Jullien, both as a conductor and as a composer. Fortunately, we have now no conductors who take up a jewelled bâton and have a pair of clean gloves handed to them on a silver salver, when they are going to conduct the works of Beethoven. The "Fantasia on the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir" is, however, the lineal descendant of the Quadrille on the Siege of Delhi, and in this respect Jullien's influence has been prejudicial. But we will readily forgive him when we recognise that in establishing the Promenade Concerts, he did much to spread a love of good music among classes who would otherwise not have come within its range.

## Mr. Henry Jarrett.

THE death is announced—at Buenos Ayres—of Mr. Henry Jarrett, who for many years was one of the most remarkable figures in the operatic and musical world. Mr. Henry Jarrett began life as a member of the orchestra, and Sir Michael Costa declared he was the best fourth horn-player he had ever heard. While still in the orchestra he gave evidence of his remarkable power of organization. One day, however, when he had felt it necessary to take medical advice, his doctor informed him that he was threatened with lung-disease, and that to avoid serious consequences he had better at once give up playing the horn. Jarrett laid the instrument aside, never again to take it up; and, looking about him for a new profession, adopted the recently invented one of operatic agent. A quarter of a century ago, Mr. Jarrett was the chief man in the management of the Italian Opera under Mr. J. H. Mapleson, and it was, through him, that M. Gounod's "Faust" was first introduced to this country. As Mr. Mapleson's *alter ego*, he accompanied the Italian troupe to Scotland and to all parts of England. It was very largely owing to the brain power of Jarrett that Mr. J. H. Mapleson was able to make headway against the enormous competition of Covent Garden, then directed by the late Mr. Frederic Gye. During the night of Dec. 6, 1867, Her Majesty's was burnt to the ground. The news was carried to Jarrett by the late J. W. Davison, with whom he lived at 36, Tavistock Place. Within an hour afterwards he was quietly on his way to the country residence of the late F. B. Chatterton, from whom about 9 A.M. he had secured a lease of Drury Lane for an unascertained entertainment for the summer season. At the railway station coming home Jarrett met the late Augustus Harris, father of the present Drury Lane manager. Harris was empowered by the late Mr. F. Gye to offer any terms for Drury Lane. But Jarrett was before him, and the two gentlemen returned to town together. When Mdlle. Christine Nilsson made her *debut* in London, nineteen years ago, Mr. Jarrett became her agent, and to him primarily we owe the great advance in fees for star artistes which has exercised so great an influence over the fortunes of Italian opera. Mr. Jarrett was Mdlle. Nilsson's agent during her American tours, and he was head of the operatic enterprise of Mr. George Wood at Drury Lane, in 1870. He also at various times represented Mdlle. van Zandt, Mme. Bernhardt, Mr. Joseph Maas, and other artistes. It was while accompanying Mme. Bernhardt that he met his death at Buenos Ayres. Mr. Jarrett limited his good offices to vocalists of the first rank, and the fact of his having consented to act as agent for a singer got soon to be accepted as proof positive of that singer's merits. We understand his fortune, which is considerable, is inherited by his stepdaughter, Miss Louise Jarrett. With Mr. Henry Jarrett departed the last of the school of the old opera agents, who not only demanded high fees for "stars," but by smartness and good management made those operatic "stars" well worth the money that *entrepreneurs* paid them.



## Franz Liszt.

"And when he played, the atmosphere was filled with magic."

It seems but yesterday that Franz Liszt left our shores with the promise to come again, and now he is dead. Never again may our hearts be kindled by the light that beamed from his noble face; never again may we do him honour with our hearty English cheers. But the memory of his stay with us will remain, and widen and deepen our love for that art to which his life was devoted.

Liszt left England on the 20th of April, and after a brief stay in Paris, where he received the honour of another performance of "St. Elisabeth," went into retirement at Weimar to recruit his exhausted strength. He went to Bayreuth on the 4th of July, to be present at the marriage of his granddaughter, Daniela von Bülow, with Dr. Tobe, and after a brief visit to the painter Munkacsy at Luxembourg, where he appeared at a concert on the 19th, and in response to loud calls from the audience played Schubert's "Soirée de Vienne"—his last performance in public—he returned to Bayreuth to witness the Festival Plays of the Wagner Celebration, which he had never missed. But his strength had been sapped by an attack of bronchitis which had seized him at Luxembourg, and he was advised, if not ordered, by his physician to refrain from subjecting himself to the strain involved in attending the performances; but the love of art proved stronger than the instinct of self-preservation, and he insisted on being carried to the theatre in an armchair to witness "Tristan and Isolde." He was bathed in tears of nervous excitement during the performance, and he never rose again from the bed to which he was taken at its close. Inflammation of the lungs set in, and just before midnight on Saturday, the last day of July, his spirit passed away. His end was painless, and loving hands had smoothed his pillow during the restless hours. His daughter, Madame Wagner, widow of the man whose genius he had fostered from its obscure beginnings to its final triumph, and with whom the happiest memories of his life were associated, was by his side at the last. Death is the same wherever and whenever it comes, but it seems fitting that Liszt should "die at Bayreuth, the Mecca of his artistic faith, in the house and near the tomb of Richard Wagner its prophet, with Wagner's widow—his own daughter—as a faithful ministrant, and while the strains of his friend, connection, and chief pervaded the atmosphere." On Sunday the body lay in state with the bust of Wagner at the head of the bier, and a large crucifix at the foot. The walls were draped in black, and the bier was surrounded with lighted tapers and fragrant flowers. On Monday messages of condolence arrived from every part of the world, and among the sympathizers were the future Kaiser and the Crown Princess, over whose welcome that day the death of Liszt had cast a shadow. On Tuesday all that was left of Liszt was carried to its last resting-place, accompanied by a procession which included his relatives and many of his pupils, the artistes of the Festival, the civic representatives, and a large proportion of the citizens of Bayreuth.

With the death of Liszt a long and interesting chapter in the history of music comes to a close. The life of seventy-five years which is now ended, is almost co-extensive with our century; it embraces every movement of art to which our century has given birth, and while its roots are grounded in the distant past, its branches stretch forth into the dim future. Liszt was old enough to have come into contact in his boyhood with Schubert and Beethoven; he was a contemporary of Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Schumann; he assisted the strug-

gling genius of Wagner, and after Wagner's death was revered as the Grand Master of that school of Romanticism for which the future is claimed. So long a life naturally exhibits an exceptional richness and variety. As Goethe, who lived to old age, affords more variety in his life than Schiller, who died young, so we do not find in Mendelssohn that many-sidedness which distinguishes the life and work of Liszt.

Liszt was born in 1811, at the village of Raiding, in Hungary, on the estate of the famous patron of Haydn, Prince Esterhazy. Adam Liszt, who was a steward on the estate, was sufficiently musical to recognize his son's genius, and at the age of nine the boy appeared at a concert in the neighbouring town of Oedenburg. His appearance was a brilliant success, and a number of Hungarian noblemen at once undertook to provide him with means for the prosecution of his musical studies for six years. He first went to Vienna, where he met with the encouragement of Schubert and Beethoven, and then to Paris, where his reputation had almost secured him admission to the Conservatoire, from which foreigners were rigidly excluded. In 1824 he appeared in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, receiving splendid ovations, and in Paris he was the idol of the day. Courtiers called him "le petit Mozart," and royal princesses presented him with sugar-plums.

This excessive adulation seems to have thrown his mind off its balance, and the death of his father in 1827 left him at the critical age of sixteen to pass without guidance through that period of "storm and stress," which usually falls to the lot of genius. For a time he took up the doctrines of Saint-Simon, but this fancy soon passed, and he plunged heart and soul into the religious mysticism of Chateaubriand. In this direction lay the natural bent of his mind. Throughout his long life he is said to have read the "Renée" of Chateaubriand once every year, and we see the ultimate triumph of this religious element in his adoption of the tonsure. But in the meantime his religious ardour cooled, and he entered the inner circle of Parisian society, in which, it must be admitted, he lived a somewhat irregular life. It was the time of the struggle between Classicism and Romanticism, and the sympathies of young Liszt were moulded by the influence of George Sand, Balzac, and Victor Hugo.

Liszt continued to give pianoforte concerts in Paris until 1839, when he started on a tour which lasted for ten years. It was a triumphal progress through every capital in Europe, from Madrid to St. Petersburg, if we except London, where Liszt met with unpleasant experiences in 1842, for which it took all the enthusiasm of 1886 to make amends. Towards the end of this period he undertook to give an annual series of concerts in Weimar, and it was justly anticipated that residence in Weimar for three months in every year would have a steady effect on his genius, which had occasionally assumed erratic forms. Finally, in 1849, he accepted the post of Director of the Opera-house in Weimar, and for ten years Weimar again became the centre of the art-life of Germany, as she had been in the days of Goethe. Like Goethe, and, an Englishman may pardonably add, like Henry Irving, Liszt made it his aim to raise the standard of his art by maintaining a uniformly high artistic ideal. Among the works of permanent value which were produced during Liszt's term of office at Weimar may be mentioned Schumann's "Genève" and "Manfred," and "Benvenuto Cellini," by Berlioz. But the crowning glory of Liszt's work at Weimar was the production of the operas of Wagner, "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," and "Tannhäuser." Liszt took Wagner by the hand when he was poor and unknown, and in this future generations may perhaps see his chief claim to honour. Let us hear an account of the beginning of this connection in Wagner's own words, which we quote from Dr. Hueffer:—

"I met Liszt for the first time during my earliest stay

in Paris (1839), at a period when I had renounced the hope, nay, even the wish, of a Paris reputation, and, indeed, was in a state of internal revolt against the artistic life which I found there. At our meeting he struck me as the most perfect contrast to my own being and situation. In this world, into which it had been my desire to fly from my narrow circumstances, Liszt had grown up, from his earliest age, so as to be the object of universal love and admiration, at a time when I was repulsed by general coldness and want of sympathy. . . . In consequence, I looked upon him with suspicion. I had no opportunity of disclosing my being and working to him, and therefore the reception I met with on his part was altogether of a superficial kind, as was indeed natural in a man to whom every day the most divergent impressions gained access. But I was not in a mood to look with unprejudiced eyes for the natural cause of his behaviour, which though friendly and obliging in itself, could not but wound me in the actual state of my mind. I never repeated my first call on Liszt, and without knowing, or even wishing to know him, I was prone to look upon him as strange and adverse to my nature. My repeated expression of this feeling was afterwards told to him, just at the time when my "Rienzi" at Dresden attracted general attention. He was surprised to find himself misunderstood with such violence by a man whom he had scarcely known, and whose acquaintance now seemed not without value to him. I am still moved when I remember the repeated and eager attempts he made to change my opinion of him, even before he knew any of my works. He acted, not from any artistic sympathy, but led by the purely human wish to dissolve a casual disharmony between himself and another being; perhaps he also felt an infinitely tender misgiving of having really hurt me unconsciously. He who knows the selfishness and terrible coldness of our social life, and especially of the relations of modern artists to each other, cannot but be struck with wonder, nay delight, by the treatment I experienced from this extraordinary man. . . . At Weimar (1849) I saw him for the last time, when I was resting for a few days in Thuringia, uncertain whether the threatening prosecution would compel me to continue my flight from Germany. The very day when my personal danger became a certainty, I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my "Tannhäuser," and was astonished at recognizing my second self in his achievement. What I had felt in inventing this music he felt in performing it; what I wanted to express in writing it down he expressed in making it sound. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend, I gained, at the moment of becoming homeless, a real home for my art, which I had hitherto longed for and sought for always in the wrong place. . . . At the end of my last stay at Paris, when ill, miserable, and despairing I sat brooding over my fate, my eye fell on the score of my "Lohengrin," which I had totally forgotten. Suddenly I felt something like compassion that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt; his answer was the news that preparations for the performance were being made on the largest scale the limited means of Weimar would permit (1851)."

But Liszt was subjected to captious opposition in his great work, and in 1859 he resigned his post. The remainder of his life was spent in retirement at Rome, Weimar, and Pesth. In 1865 he finally adopted the religious life, receiving the tonsure from his friend Cardinal Hohenlohe, but no speck of sour asceticism ever dimmed the lustre of his artistic soul. His pupils and his admirers never suffered his retirement to become isolation, and every year the Abbé emerged from his seclusion to appear at that Wagner Festival, at which death has at last overtaken him.

It is doubtless as a virtuoso that Liszt is chiefly known. His fame as the Paganini of the pianoforte outlasted for forty years, the period when his career as a virtuoso came to an end. Chopin did similar work for the pianoforte, but Chopin did not share Liszt's marvellous technique, and Chopin shrank from the popular applause which Liszt courted. Liszt cast aside the traditional calm of self-restraint, and threw into his performance all the passion and emotion of his nature. Wagner has said that Liszt's rendering of Beethoven was so truly poetic that it was rather to be described as original production than as reproduction. Von Bülow and Rubinstein have made us familiar with the emotional style of pianoforte playing which Liszt



inaugurated, and on the whole we prefer it to the cold if elegant classicism of which Charles Hallé is the most distinguished living exponent. But the emotional is apt to degenerate into the sensational, as Liszt himself has penitently admitted:—

"I frequently played then, both in public and in private, the works of Beethoven, Weber, and Hummel, and, to my shame be it said, in order to draw forth the bravos of a public slow to understand these beautiful things in their august simplicity, I made no scruple to change their character; I even went so far as insolently to add a crowd of figures and *points d'orgue*, which, while gaining the applause of the ignorant, did not fail to draw me into a false way, from which, happily, I soon disengaged myself."

This is a warning which may be commended to the crowd of so-called emotional pianists, who fancy that the true poetic feeling of a sonata of Beethoven can only be realized by playing it out of time.

The compositions of Liszt are no fewer than 677 in number. During his career as a virtuoso, he composed, among other works, a series of original pieces of a sentimental character, entitled "*Années de Pélerinage*," but his strength was spent in the barren work of transcription. Operatic airs, marches, Swiss melodies, were all arranged with a brilliancy of ornament which baffles all but the most accomplished executant. In this respect, Liszt's influence has not, we think, been beneficial. It is inconsistent with the purity of art to overload with elaborate variations an air which is not designedly adapted for such treatment, and it is unfortunate that the school of "musical fireworks" should have ever had the countenance of Liszt's example. Mendelssohn is said to have regretted that he ever wrote the "*Songs without Words*," because their defects were so easy to imitate; and the remark may be more justly applied to the transcriptions of Liszt.

After his genius had reached its maturity, Liszt still continued to write compositions for the piano-forte, among which the Fifteen Hungarian Rhapsodies are the best known; but his ambition was now to supplement in orchestral music what Wagner had done for opera. It is surely more than a coincidence that in this department Wagner left it to Liszt to develop those ideas which they held in common. Wagner never wrote a symphony himself, but the symphonies of Liszt are essentially Wagnerian. Liszt named his symphonies "*Symphonic Poems*," meaning by this that he had discarded the old symphonic forms for which he had substituted a central poetic idea as the mould of the composition. Thus one of Liszt's symphonies, perhaps the most widely known, portrays the wild ride of Mazeppa; there is another on the Battle of the Huns; and he has also sought to give musical expression to the characters of Faust, Prometheus, and Hamlet. These Symphonic Poems display richness of imagination and profusion of colouring, but there is a certain vagueness in them, a want of definiteness, which leaves us restless and unsatisfied. This is realized even by Dr. Hueffer, the leader of the adherents of the music of the Future in this country:—

"How can these philosophic and pictorial ideas become the nucleus of a new musical form to supply the place of the old symphonic movement? Wagner asks the question 'whether it is not more noble and more liberating for music to adopt its form from the conception of the Orpheus or Prometheus motive than from the dance or march?' But he forgets that dance and march have a distinct and tangible relation to musical form which neither Prometheus and Orpheus, nor indeed any other character or abstract idea, possess."

Liszt has hardly solved the problem, and it is the general opinion that the time has not yet come for its full solution.

The sacred works, such as the "*Graner Messe*" and the oratorio of "*St. Elisabeth*," which Liszt has written since he became an Abbé, deserve mention, and we should not forget his songs, such as "*Thou art like a flow'et*," and "*Knowest thou the land?*" which are gems of pure and simple melody,

Liszt's writings\* on Robert Franz, Chopin and his favourite Wagner, with his interesting pamphlet on the Music of the Gypsies of his native Hungary, give him a conspicuous place in the literature of music.

But it is chiefly as a man that we would think of him. The personality of Liszt is the most striking feature in modern musical history. It was in virtue of his wonderful power of sympathy that Liszt acquired his commanding influence. As Mithridates won his soldiers' hearts by conversing with them in every one of the fifty languages of his motley army, Liszt found it easy to attach to himself in community of feeling all who came within the range of his sympathetic and impressionable nature. These are the days of hero-worship, and it will be well if the next hero of the musical world shares Liszt's catholicity of taste and is imbued with his ardent devotion for music and musicians. Liszt was generous, unselfish, free from every spark of jealousy, or of that avarice which so often sullies the musician's character. We have many pleasant stories of the encouragement given to young musicians by those who had climbed the ladder of success; none are more pleasing than those which cluster round the name of Liszt. Young Liszt was once kissed at his first concert in Vienna by the veteran Beethoven, and Dr. Haweis tells us that in April the aged master rose from his seat at a concert given in his honour at the Royal Academy, and tenderly kissed a little girl, the pride of the school, who had just played. The little girl will long remember her kiss, and we too shall not soon forget the kindly old man who gave it.

## A Russian Violin.

By HENRI GREVILLE.

### CHAPTER I.

FATHER KOUZMA, seated before his desk of white wood, yellowed with age and ornamented with innumerable ink-spots of all shapes, laboriously prepared a sermon for the first Sunday of Lent. At that time, as even at present—but still more so than now—the parish priests in Russia made very little use of sermons. Five or six times a year, at most, they addressed themselves to their flocks; these, standing, with bowed heads receive this supplement of the divine office a little, perhaps, with the same resignation as they would a shower on coming out of church; this duty accomplished on both sides, it is with a veritable relief that the pastor and his flock amicably separate. Of what consequence is dogma to these simple souls, profoundly trusting; and, on the other hand, what ability and knowledge of the human heart must one not have to find moving words which penetrate to the heart of the humblest, the least civilized, and which will move beings tired of life, weary with work, almost indifferent to everything under the yoke of servitude, and resigned beforehand to all calamities?

It was not Father Kouzma who could find such accents; his life had passed, not in struggling with daily troubles, but in submitting to them as one submits to disease and death; at times with a dull discontent, often with a peevish resignation, sometimes, but rarely, with a sort of inward mocking.

"You have set your heart upon it," he said to his destiny, "you will never be so mischievous as myself, who have found means, with a good commencement, of diminishing my chances of happiness and of dragging on a pitiful existence."

Kouzma Markof was married, as are all of his profession, a short time before receiving holy orders. The ecclesiastical rule wishes the young man to have experienced his first troubles, the exciting

emotions of marriage, before becoming a priest. He had married a sweet young girl, insignificant in mind and appearance, without energy for good or evil; by this union were born five children, of whom three alone survived. With the children, cares and expenses had increased; the *popadia* (name of Russian priest's wife) was not orderly; little by little the furniture became impaired, the straw of the chairs gave way, the linen curtains had long slits which the hands of the worn-out and weary woman did not hasten to mend; the household became gloomy. Father Kouzma took from time to time a little consolation in the form of brandy, and his ideas did not become clearer for it; the parishioners, without blaming him for a weakness which is in no part of this country considered a crime, were not so diligent in saluting him in the streets, nor in bringing their offerings to him; gradually the cure of Gradovka, formerly considered one of the best in the province, lost its splendour, and fell to the rank of a middling parish.

Father Kouzma knew that, and it was not without cruel lacerations of self-love that he had passed through the ordeal of this decay; it was because he was conscious of his abasement that he had ceased to struggle with fate.

"I have no chance," he said; and it was true. With an active wife, careful and courageous, the cure might have kept its position. But who is to blame for it? The *popadia* is as God made her; she brought no element of trouble into their existence; resigned to all calamities, she bore disorder as well as rain or fever. Everything that disconcerted her she grouped under one name—she called them disagreements.

"What can one do?" she said; "it is the will of God." And, thanks to this reasoning, her children had torn chemises, her husband grasy gowns, herself clothes frayed at the bottom—shabby everywhere; her servant disobeyed her, the meals were detestable, and nothing went right, except on Saturday evening, the preparation of the unleavened bread destined for the next day's Mass, and this was always a success. On this point alone the *popadia* had retained the pride of her girlhood.

Father Kouzma was trying to make a sermon from the old homilies, already employed by his predecessor, who had also been his father-in-law, for he had obtained possession of the cure through his marriage with the incumbent's daughter.

These transactions are generally amiably concluded, with the superior's sanction, who seldom fails to give it except in rare and grave cases; it is usually so arranged when the priest has no son, or when his sons have chosen another career, or even when the children—which is not an exceptional case—prefer to seek another nest. No one is a prophet in his own country; the peasants would be able to recollect the childish follies of him who would now be their pastor, and the priests' sons, priests themselves, often tried to marry a girl endowed with as good a cure as possible.

Kouzma had no care for the future of his cure; of his two sons, one at least was touched by grace; of that there was no doubt. Moreover, the elder, prepared from childhood to enter into orders, took already very willingly to Latin and Slavonian; he knew by heart the sacred texts, and promised to obtain, moreover, some distinction at school. He was a reflective boy; serious, not without his share of juvenile gaiety, but his firmness of mind betokened that he would be spared the vexations which his father had known.

"Provided that he find a good wife!" sighed the father, thinking of his own; "good, certainly, but so little fitted for a helpmeet."

The old homilies did not inspire the pastor of a flock so little accessible to sacred eloquence; he closed the yellow manuscript, rested his head on his arms and began to rack his poor fatigued brain.

The August wind beat against the windows with a fine drizzling rain, which ceased from time to time only to recommence with greater force; the day, dull and grey, did not indicate the hour, though the sun was yet high in the horizon; but so

\* Vide article on "Liszt as a Man of Letters," in the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC for May of this year.



many clouds hid it, this poor sun, that it had been at least four or five days without succeeding in piercing them. Autumn was approaching; the withered leaves which fell from the birch-trees spoke of shortened days, long sad evenings, of roads dirty and impracticable; of those three months of transition so hard to support before the beautiful clear nights and the white hard carpet of snow came in the distant winter. Father Kouzma shivered, the melancholy of early autumn penetrated to the marrow of his bones. He rose and opened a door.

"Wife," he said, "it is sad; prepare us some tea."

The popadia loved tea and its natural accompaniment of bread and preserves. She ran to the kitchen and ordered the servant to heat the *samovar* (Russian tea-urn). She obeyed eagerly. Over the immense space occupied by the Russians, tea finds no one indifferent to it.

Comforted by the hope of a near distraction, Father Kouzma returned to his work-table and began to turn over more actively the leaves of the manuscripts.

"What shall I say to them, then?" he murmured.

"On indifference to the things of this world?" Poor people! they have scarcely anything to attach themselves to; as for the *seigneurs*, they are good ones, and who do as much good as possible. . . . They have even given a violin to my younger one last Christmas. . . . It amuses the boy, and he does not play badly for one who has never learnt.—The proof of God's existence? They do not need one to prove it to them, they believe it without that—'Of resignation to the will of Providence?' Ah! yes, resignation; every one has need of that! Resignation!"

Father Kouzma sighed, he sighed naturally, as one breathes; then he began to read attentively the text under his eyes. It was a very simple sermon; the old man who had written it was indifferent to everything, and resignation to him was so much more easy because he possessed himself a stock of marketable egotism. He spoke, then, of resignation with a calm assurance, as of something very simple, very natural, and appeared to think those who did not make a complete profession of it very reprehensible.

"It was easy for him!" murmured Father Kouzma, finishing the sermon. "Our peasants have need to be resigned beforehand; I do not think they take so well their share in the misfortunes of this world. And as for considering them as blessed by the Lord, who chastises whom He loves—I have repeated it a long time, and I cannot agree with it. I am resigned, yes; but thankful. . . . It is very bad to be thinking this—and I, a priest!"

He sighed again, but happily his wife's head passed by the half-open door.

"Father Kouzma," she said, "the tea is ready; are you coming?"

He rose and followed her into the dining room.

Nothing particularly pleased or rested the eye in this piece of mean grandeur; the *samovar* itself which, in Russian households, attracts the attention as the cauldron in Teniers' pictures—the *samovar* was tarnished and ill-cleaned. That did not prevent the tea being good, however; and the priest drank a glass of it with evident satisfaction. As his wife poured him out a second supply, he looked about him.

"Where are the children?" he asked.

"Prascovie is ironing the linen in the kitchen, and the boys have gone out to set their snares in the wood: Victor hoped he might catch some game."

"In this weather?"

"Yes. The birds hide themselves under the leaves when it rains."

Father Kouzma made no objection; besides, what did it matter to him? His elder boy, Victor, played in his holidays, in ten days he would return to school; and then, good-by to races in the wood, until next year. Another care occurred to him then—a care already turned over and over in his mind; what should he do with his younger son, Demiane, whose energetic and headstrong character sometimes troubled him? Up to now he had

shared the lessons and sports of the seigneur's children, but M. Roussof's sons were about to enter a gymnasium at Moscow, to commence their studies there; he had not the means to send his son to the gymnasium—what should he do with this odd boy?

"He only loves music," said Father Kouzma to himself, "and music is not a position—it leads to nothing. This violin, which they have given him, has made him even more infatuated than before."

He drank the contents of his glass and gave it to his wife for a third supply—she took it and was about to fill it; but in the midst of this operation she stopped, her hand in the air, the spout of the teapot lifted.

"What is that?" said she, inclining her head to the side of the window.

A confused noise of steps and of stifled exclamations approached the house. This was not one of the noises so common to Occidental countries—it was a sort of groaning, of lamentation in an undertone; the steps themselves seemed anxious to steal away. However, this unusual movement ceased at some yards from the house, the people seemed to be having a consultation. At last the deacon advanced and came towards the little flight of wooden steps which ornamented the priest's house. He was bare-headed, and an unaccustomed gravity darkened his jovial face.

"What does he want with us?" asked the priest, a little uneasy without knowing why.

Before he had been able to go and meet the new arrival, the latter appeared on the threshold. Without raising his eyes, he made the sign of the cross three times and saluted the husband and wife, bowing low.

"God be with you," he said in his rich bass voice, which made the glasses and china resound. "The Lord tries those He loves."

Father Kouzma would have spoken, but his tongue made no movement; he made signs with his right hand to continue.

"A misfortune has happened in your family," continued the deacon, whose voice trembled, "but Providence, in striking you, yet spares you."

"My sons!" cried the distracted mother.

"One of them, and he still lives."

"Which?" asked Father Kouzma, while his wife rushed out of the door.

"The elder; he fell from a tree, and it must be something serious, for he has broken one leg, and he cannot stand at all upon the other."

Father Kouzma fell into a chair, and the text of his sermon returned to his memory.

"Resignation to the will of Providence!" he said. "I have blasphemed; chastisement has not been delayed long!"

He remained a moment motionless, his hand over his eyes, while large tears rolled down his cheeks to the large cross which rested on his breast; then he rose and prostrated himself before the images which occupied the corner of the room.

"The Lord has given him to me," he said aloud, after a short prayer; "if the Lord will take him from me, blessed be His name."

But his resignation was only apparent; at the same moment his son entered, carried by two stout peasants. The young man was in a deathlike swoon. His curly hair fell over his closed eyes; his pale cheeks, refined features, drawn by suffering, made his face appear waxlike.

The porters went silently into the children's room, where they laid Victor on his bed. In spite of their precautions, so tender and so little to have been expected in these rough men, the pain roused him from his swoon, and he uttered a cry of anguish.

"He lives!" cried the father; and becoming self-possessed all at once, he sent immediately a messenger to the seigneur's house, asking the master to come himself, for he was a doctor and might be able to save his child.

## CHAPTER II.

M. ROUSSOF was a doctor, not an illustrious doctor; but what he gained, joined to his family

estate, assured him a comfortable existence. He could be satisfied with practising during the summer, thanks to the inveterate habit of sojourning in the country, which drives the Russians into another town where they may chance to be very ill, rather than make them content with the town where they were born, with a garden and all necessities of existence. One must not pass the summer at home—that is an understood thing. M. Roussof did not protest against this arrangement, which permitted him to breathe, with his wife and children, country air for four months of every year, without causing him to lose any of the advantages of his position.

He arrived soon at Father Kouzma's, and proceeded to examine the sufferer. When he had reduced the fracture of the leg, he softly passed his hand along the young man's back. The father, who was watching him, saw his expression become grave, as he had often seen it at a death-bed, and his features became contorted.

"I think he will live," said the doctor, raising his head; "but I fear he will always be deformed."

"Deformed!" repeated the priest, raising his hands to Heaven imploringly. "What is it, then?"

"There is something wrong with the vertebral column. Since he lives at present, there is hope of his recovery; but he will be a hunchback."

"Hunchback!"

"He will at least be dwarfed, but you must say nothing of it to him."

The priest promised all the doctor wished, who left promising to send some medicine for the patient.

When Father Kouzma remained alone near the sufferer's bed, he looked long at his son, who was sleeping, thanks to the narcotic administered by Roussof.

Night had come; the fine rain kept beating against the windows, and the most mournful sadness spread over the room, badly lighted by a single candle and a lamp before the images. The priest lighted a wax-taper before the child's patron saint, then returned to his bedside.

Was it possible that this fine stature, these well-proportioned and graceful limbs, could become an object of deformity and ridicule? that his first-born should be a puny and miserable being, deprived of the joys of life, when only that morning he had enjoyed all the privileges of a sound and vigorous man?

"He is young," he said; "he is only nineteen years old; at that age there is everything to hope; Roussof is deceived; it is impossible!"

Sunday came, when, divine service over, he advanced as far as the balustrade which separates the choir from the church properly speaking, in order to deliver his sermon to the assembled people; he saw all eyes fixed upon him with an expression of attention.

"My brothers," said Father Kouzma, looking at the congregation, "I am going to speak to you to-day of resignation to the will of Providence. We are all born in anguish and suffering, and none of us know what God has in reserve; it is good, then, to be prepared beforehand to submit to the calamities He may send us; for misfortune, taking you unawares, throws you into consternation and leaves you powerless."

His voice trembled; he tried to steady it by coughing twice, then he continued:

"God chastises those He loves, and we should kiss with gratitude the hand which striles us; myself, I had two sons, full of life—"

Speech failed him; he would have continued, but could not; two streams of tears burst from his eyes while he turned round brusquely to hide them from the people.

But these simple people understood it all, and a murmur of sympathy ran through their ranks.

"My brothers," said the deacon, "let us pray for those who suffer, for the ill and the afflicted."

They all intoned, in company with the choir, the *Parce, Domine*, and there was no more question of sermon that day.

(To be continued.)



## What shall we Play? or, Music in the House.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

BY DR. CARL REINECKE.

Translated, by kind permission of DR. REINECKE and  
the PUBLISHERS,

BY J. ST. HENSE.

II.

DEAR MADAM,

How quickly you have found me out! I was obliged to smile as I read your question: "Did you purposely avoid speaking in your last letter of exercises on the *piano*, only mentioning exercises on the *instrument*? or do you hold it a matter of course that the piano be chosen as first instrument?"

To the first question I must answer "Yes," just because I cannot unconditionally answer "Yes" to the second one. Why should not a boy begin with the violin or the violoncello? On the one hand, a string-instrument is certainly better calculated than the piano to cultivate the ear, because the player does not, as is the case with the last named instrument, find his notes ready made (except those on the empty strings), but he is forced to form them himself. On the other hand, the piano has the great advantage of offering to the player the whole tone-system, and of calling forth and cultivating in a far greater degree the sense of and feeling for Harmony and Polyphony than is possible on a string-instrument, on which, generally, only one series of tones can be produced.

Double-stopping, by means of which a very limited number of parts can be produced, must, on a violin or cello, be classed among the more difficult tasks, and consequently belongs to the exceptions when writing for these instruments.\*

The ear being already trained to some extent by singing exercises, the piano might after all prove the instrument most fitted for the beginner. Should any string-instruments be represented in the family, they would of course lend a great charm to, and prove a great advantage for the music in the house. Yes, were it sometime possible for you to get together the necessary forces for the execution of string and piano quartettes, &c., you would then have reached the ideal of Music in the House. For *Chamber Music*, to which this sort of music belongs, is—as already denoted by the name—*House Music* proper, and is at the same time the most noble species of music. It renounces the help of any other art, and scorns all outward display within the boundaries of the music as virtuoso-tricks, sound-effects, &c. It only impresses by its true, intrinsic value, thus cultivating mind and taste for music more than any other kind of music. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert and others, have deposited their most beautiful and best thoughts, to a great extent, in their works for Chamber Music. To raise these treasures should ever be the highest aim for you and yours. To do this requires—apart from the necessary forces and talents—a fortunate constellation: daughters and sons, after at last reaching the necessary amount of ability, must stay at home. That you would desire this at some future time, only out of love for the art—I doubt!

III.

In general, therefore, I advise that the music lesson should be commenced on the piano, and at the latest in the beginning of the seventh year. Talented children may begin sooner—weakly ones,

\* In the first two movements of the Beethoven Violin Concerto, for example, not a single instance of double-stopping occurs.

later. Choose at once a master who has experience in and love for his calling. If possible, let the child have a lesson of half-an-hour's duration every day, but at least four times a week, and superintend his practising. I know you possess a beautiful instrument, otherwise you should make it your duty to provide one, for a bad touch and un-beautiful sound have a very detrimental influence upon the little fingers and the ear. A good technique is indispensable for every instrument, not alone for an artistical but for a simply correct rendering of a work of art; therefore from the beginning great stress should be laid on this point.\*

It is very difficult to find the right proportion between the cultivation of the technique and the musical understanding, and to obtain a perfect equalization of the two. If that were not so difficult, we should find among the virtuosi more true artistes, possessing a refined taste as well as a perfect technique, and who would not, consequently, merely excite amazement, but move the innermost feelings of their hearers, and thus attain what ought to be the sole aim of musical art. I remember still, how, some years ago, when I had the pleasure of sitting next to you at the concert of a colossal piano-hero, you broke into these words: "What gratification have I in listening to such an octave-tamer, who plays as if he had been bitten by a mad piano? If I want to enjoy gymnastic exercises, I can go to the acrobats." Yes, certainly, but nevertheless one must not undervalue virtuosity. The player ought to be able to do much more than he exhibits to the hearer, in order that those difficulties which he has had to conquer in the piece he is performing, should appear as mere play. The amateur, also, should therefore pay particular attention to the cultivation of a good technique. Arrange at once, in the lesson as well as in the practice-hours of the children, a systematical division of the time, in such a manner as to give about a third of the time to technical exercises alone, a third to the study of the piece, and a third to the reading of the notes; and, as soon as this has been conquered, to playing at sight. This last is as a rule cultivated far too little, and is, nevertheless, a most valuable acquisition, both for the musician and the amateur. Some people consider the reading of the notes as something difficult, although it is so simple if at once taught properly, that it seems almost incomprehensible that from time to time men appear who think it necessary to simplify our system of notation. As for instance, in his time *Emanuele Gambale*—later on, *Herr von Heringen*. The latter even committed suicide out of grief that his proposals found no acceptance. The principal thing is, that the reading of the notes be not taught mechanically, but in a strictly logical manner. You will know without my explaining any further, dear madam, what I mean, and I therefore close my letter. If it is a dry one, I will put part of the blame on your shoulders, for you asked, above all, for *practical* advice.

(To be continued.)

\* "You must diligently play scales and other finger exercises," says Schumann, in his "Advice to Young Musicians;" and in a letter to me of January 22, 1846: "Eminent virtuosity is a beautiful thing, if used as a means of exposing true works of art."

At Rome, Ole Bull shared the apartment of a talented young artist, who became warmly attached to him. The intimate relation between music and painting was a favourite theme with this young man, and to the musician the sounds of an orchestra had always suggested colours. When he slept late in the morning, the artist would often rouse him by saying, "Come, Ole, get up and play to me! I can't paint unless you play to me." Being urged and urged, he would at last shake off his drowsiness, and, half dressed, begin to play. The violin would soon absorb him, till an exclamation from the painter broke in upon his reverie: "Ah, dear Ole, give me that once more, it is such a brilliant red!" or "Play that again, dear Ole, it is such a heavenly blue!"

## On Hearing Ole Bull, THE NORWEGIAN VIOLINIST.

—:o:—

What note is this of infinite appeal  
That wakes beneath thy hands inspired control?  
Is it a prayer from man's most secret soul  
To the dim gods Death only can reveal,—  
Whose hands we know can wound, yet trust may  
heal?  
Hark, now, for 'twixt the prayer and the prayer's  
goal,  
From far away, beyond where planets roll,  
Something I hear, or something subtly feel:  
Down all the deep, untravelled, star-watched way,  
Faint as a wind at dawn of a June day,  
Comes a divine response. Ah! now 'tis here.  
Lo! prayer is turned to passionate triumphing,  
And in thy music's moon-thrilled atmosphere  
My soul drinks deep of some immortal spring.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

## The Students of Upsala.

—:o:—

**S**WEDEN, by virtue of its most ancient characteristics, can justly be termed the cradle of music and poetry in the North. The first personage that appeared in its traditions, Odin, "introduced the poetic art in the North, and was the first to employ the art of writing there," and was so wise and eloquent, that when he spoke, "all deemed that alone to be the truth which he uttered." Worshipping this man, or god, for his sublime attributes, the race emulated his achievements in both war and art; and the valour that sought the broadest fields, using all Europe for its arena, found expression in the noble poetic utterances of their *skalds*, which preserved these immortal deeds to posterity, and rendered both warriors and bards well-nigh incomparable. William and Mary Howitt declare: "We are astonished at the wisdom which is shaped into maxims, and at the tempestuous strength of passions, to which all modern emotions appear puny and constrained." With a standard of conduct so high and chivalrous that it required the remorseless sacrifice of all that was trivial or cautious, raising one to absolute heroism; having women, too, so animated by the same grand ambition and love of glory, that they stimulated all that was best and most aspiring in the men; and with that extensive intercourse with even the most distant countries, which put them in possession of all possible resources, the ancient Swedes had the richest inspiration for their poetry and music.

The poetry, the mythology, "for ever displayed in all the songs of their *skalds*, just as that of the Greeks and Romans is in the Odes of Pindar and Horace," is all within reach, in the *sagor*, for our enjoyment; but the little that is conserved of the rich heritage of music, of the spirit that inspired it, lies in the folk-songs and their rendition by the Upsala students. Pursuing their studies in a city whose history has no beginning, near the old pagan seat, *Gamla Upsala*, where the famous mounds were raised to Odin, and Thor, and Frej; and where stands a church built of the stones of the old pagan temple, having in their midst Odin's Grove, the great place of sacrifice, of which every leaf was once considered sacred, with the reminiscences of the momentous conflicts that have taken place there, the Upsala students are the young song-Vikings who sustain the ancient prowess in the one way left to them. But there are still other memories which nourish their musical nature and supply all the elements of a lofty ideal: palpable as the presence of Odin,



and the Upsala warriors and worshippers, are those of Gustaf Vasa, and Erik XIV. and Gustaf Adolf and Linné, the "Flower-King," giving one an exhilarating sense of being in the immediate proximity of these illustrious personages, whose deeds are chronicled in all that one beholds. To see the whole choir of 1600 students, ranged in as many "nations" as there are provinces in Sweden, each bearing its especial banner of different colour in Odin's Grove, before the busts of Carl Johan (Bernadotte), and of Gustaf Vasa, on any of the many frequent occasions on which they give voice to the heritage of inspired thoughts and exalted emotions that are so peculiarly theirs by virtue of their Swedish birth, thrills one, indeed, overwhelms one. It is for this reason that the Upsala students are favoured mortals. They have never in their whole career as singers suffered any lukewarmness, any faint homage: they have but to announce, and their audience awaits them, while press and public invariably applaud.

No one who looks upon music merely as an isolated art can realize the infinite fascination and power of the singing of these students. To do that, one must know the elements that enter into it, and that have permeated their souls for generations. In 1841, Jenny Lind visited the University, and with her singing fired the youth studying there; and in the spring term of 1846 Gunnar Wennerberg became the leader of the student chorus, succeeding Hæffner. To quote from the historical sketch in the little volume containing the text of the student songs, "What he, with his truly Northern striking songs and marches, did to give the student-singing a truly national stamp, is too well known to need to be mentioned here. It is the true Northern bard's touch on the harp, and therefore every chord in the heart vibrates when his tones are heard. In 1842 the singers for the first time organized and met for regular practice. The object of this is concisely stated in the statutes, which still hold good: 'The object of the Public Singing Society in Upsala is the cultivation of a permanent and worthy student-singing, which especially ought to embrace with interest the revival of the Swedish national songs, the commemoration of the fosterland events precious to every Swedish citizen, and, besides, be an expression of the student-chorus concerning every distinguished service, both inside and outside the University.' The little book referred to, contains 352 songs, the repertoire of the Upsala students. It contains wealth of poetry, as well as of musical production; for one sees in it the names of such poets as Lidner, Böttiger, Tegnér, Nybom, B. E. Malmström, Runeberg, Topelius, Grundtvig, Munch, Björnson, Oelenschläger, whose words are more than capable of enduring musical form with soul; and musicians as Hæffner, Von Weber, Rossini, Kreutzer, Beethoven, Fr. Kuhlau, Spohr, Nordblom, Laurin, Crusell, Mendelssohn, Lindblad, Naumann, Pacius, Josephson, Kjerulf, Grieg, Gade, Reissiger, Söderman, who could incarnate in tone the noblest inspirations of the poet. Wennerberg both musician and poet, has immortalized himself through his "Gluntarne," a musical description of student life in Upsala, the satirical text of which he also wrote. The form throughout is that of duets for baritone and bass, highly dramatic and original in effect.

On *Valborgsmessaöften* (Walpurgis Night) the students sing in front of the huge structure, *Upsala slott* (castle), built by King Gustaf I., and which was the scene of Queen Christina's coronation and abdication. On this night all Upsala, to speak within bounds, are on the steep terrace in front of the castle, with the blinking and glimmering town beneath them, while on the great plain around about fires are lighted in perpetuation of some old Pagan custom. On the 30th of April, 1883, the students gave their annual spring concert, in the fine hall running the entire length of the upper floor of Carolina Rediviva, one of the three largest libraries in Sweden, and this the writer had the pleasure of attending. The first number, "Hear us, Svea!" Wennerberg's noble

song, which is march and hymn combined in the spirit it breathes of exalted valour and devotion, was characteristic at once of the nationality, composer and singers. Its martial, sonorous rhythm lapses into the tranquillity and trust, of Martin Luther's hymn, "Our God to us is fortress strong," and then closes with jubilant, soaring strain, embodying the fullest Swedish sentiment of patriotism and loyalty. Then followed two German numbers, Mendelssohn's "Wasserfahrt" and Dürner's "Sturmbeschwörung" well rendered, and next two characteristic folk-songs, the first: "Rememberest what thou promised me?" a sweet, tender reminder, somewhat plaintive, contrasted by, "Thinkest thou that I am lost?" and comprising the merriest of refutations of any such idea, because, forsooth, the loved one disappointed. The same voices that rendered this rippling mirth and unconcern of youth the next moment attained majesty and deep soul strength in that magnificent song by Pacius, with the equally fine words by the Finnish poet Emil von Qvanten, "Suomi's Song." In this song it is as if the human all-permeating presence, felt, yet impalpable to every sense, in the pine forests, in the rushing waters, in the thunder, in the northern lights, took voice and form with an appealing force rare to any musical composition or musical rendition, for it is so truly and grandly nature.

But the best thing about the students' singing came after the concert. When it was over, my friends told me to make haste, and by adroit means we reached the lower corridor betimes. There we found a goodly portion of the audience, none of which had left the building. All of the broad halls and stairways were lined with people, who simply waited—for what? "Listen," said one of my Swedish friends, "you will hear." And soon I did, indeed, hear the student voices again, from the upper part of the building, in a slow, stately, antique measure, *Vikingasåten*, composed by the man who is declared to be the creator of the four-part male chorus at the Upsala University, Christian Fredrik Hæffner, who was born a Prussian subject in 1759, and moved to Upsala in 1808. The effect of these gradually approaching tones, coming to us as if from the far, dim past, descending to us as if from the misty regions above the earth, was indescribable. Step by step came the students, with a noiseless tread, their sonorous tones filling every arch of the vast building. Silent, breathless, stood the throng, until this unequalled procession of 160 worthy descendants of the Vikings, whose ways they sang, had passed down the stairs and out through the broad doors, still singing; then we all turned and followed them, and the sight that burst upon us as we left the noble building was the endless perspective of Drottninggatan, the street leading from the library hill, stretching beyond the range of the vision and losing itself in the far distance on Fyrisvall, the scene of many Viking exploits, the plain on which stand some of the proudest achievements of the living.

MARIE A. BROWN.

## Ole Bull and Upsala Students.

**A**FTER giving concerts at Carlstad and Örebro, he arrived one night, at one o'clock, at Upsala, dragged in a huge old coach by six horses through the snow. Ole Bull came to Upsala not to give a concert, but to play for the students. It is true, as Jules Janin said of him, his violin is his love, his art his life. To express himself in tones and be understood is his one great joy, and he went to Upsala because the students have, and always have had, a great reputation for musical sensibility and musical education. But his entry was not very propitious. The night was dark; no inn was to be

discovered; and the cold was biting. Suddenly a swarm of young students returning from a Christmas masquerade, singing, dancing, and making merry, came along, and of course the large old coach and six became the butt of their frolic. It ended in Ole Bull's ordering the coach to turn about and drive back to Stockholm.

This occurrence led to some misrepresentations and ill-natured comments in the local journals, to which Ole Bull replied in a letter published in the *Aftenbladet*, January 22, 1843. After explaining the circumstances, and reminding those who had accused him of failing to keep an engagement that no concert had been announced, and that he was therefore free to act as he thought best, he concludes thus:—

"Although I do not recognize the right of any man to call me to account for my conduct when I have wronged nobody, although I believe I ought not to be excluded from the universal right of a man to determine his own actions; still I am willing to state briefly my motives for leaving Upsala without playing, cherishing the hope that a cultured and impartial public will feel and agree with me that it was something quite other than a freakish temperament which led me to take that step.

"I had laid my route by way of Upsala with the intention of inviting, as I had done in Lund, the students of the University to attend my concert, cherishing the fond hope that the cultivated young men at Sweden's first University would kindly receive, through me, a musical greeting from the brother-land, and give me their approbation. Although the insignificant affair which took place on my arrival in Upsala of itself neither could so offend me that it should lead me to leave the town in 'angry mood,' nor seduce me to such an act of injustice as to lay the fault of a few thoughtless young men at the door of a numerous and honourable corporation, still everyone who intelligently and impartially examines the matter will see that it brought me into a frame of mind not at all in harmony with the problem I was about to solve. Consequently, it was not anger on account of the wrong I had suffered, or ill-will toward Upsala town and the students, but despondency and dejected spirits which led me so quietly to leave a town which I both desire and expect to see again under more favourable circumstances, for no one recognizes more fully than I that it is the aim and object of art to unite, not to disunite.

"OLE BULL."

The renowned historian, Professor Gustaf Geijer, now wrote to Ole Bull, urging him to come to Upsala. He cordially consented, and to his first concert he invited the whole body of students. Each selection played by the violinist was warmly applauded, and the excitement culminated in the wildest enthusiasm, when, at the request of Professor Geijer, he improvised variations on the popular Swedish melody, "Kille Karen." At the close of the concert he was met in the vestibule by the students, who escorted him with songs and cheers to his hotel, where they finally dispersed after giving a hearty cheer in response to his few words of thanks. At six o'clock a "Sera" was given in the large University Hall. A letter published at this time said:—

"The artist, whose frank, attractive manner won him all hearts, in responding to the toast proposed in his honour, dwelt especially on the goodwill which in his person had been shown the brother kingdom and Norse people, and when lifted on the 'golden chair,' proposed from his elevated seat the toast, 'Sweden for ever!' while from the same height Professor Geijer emptied his glass to 'his boys.'

"Sentiment after sentiment was given, and the guest of the evening at last expressed his happiness at the misadventure of his first visit, which had caused him to know better possibly than he would otherwise have done the students of Upsala. After midnight the company followed him to his door, and he promised another concert in the University Hall, where he said he had received the greatest honour of his life. No other artist has been the recipient of such homage."

His second concert was, if possible, a greater success than the first, and both Bishop Faxe and Professor Geijer thanked him in behalf of the Upsala people.—"OLE BULL," by SARAH C. BULL.



## Leaves from a Young Lady's Diary.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of "St. Cecilia," "The Chilcotes," etc.

June 1, 18—.

**H**AS any one, I wonder, except ourselves, ever heard of a place with the ridiculous name of Hohenhöfen? We are on our way there now—Aunt Mary, Jessie and I. Jessie is the daughter of Aunt Mary, otherwise Lady Mary Miles, but we drop our titles into the Channel when we cross it, and travel simply as Mrs. Smith and party. It is more economical, and we see a much greater variety of human nature than when we go about with tickets round our necks proclaiming our social status to all the world. As Miss Smith, and Miss Conny Smith, Jessie and I have real good times and get down to the very heart of things as one can't do in London, even if one is fashionable, and, I think, heartless enough, to go "slumming." That vain and curious prying into the unrevealed bits of other people's lives has to me something both morbid and coarse about it; if the ladies who go down East would throw in their lot with these poorer brothers and sisters, like the charming heroine of Mr. Besant's story, they might at least get good if they did not do any; but they simply go because it is the thing to do, and they walk away the harder and more callous because of that momentary sensation of horror and pity. There! My energy has wakened Aunt Mary, who was napping with her bonnet all awry, and Jessie jumps up and cries:

"Do stop scribbling; here is the carriage come to bear us away to Wonderland. And what, oh what, will happen to us then?"

June 2. "THE PLOUGH, HOHENHÖFEN."

WE have got to Wonderland anyhow, and the way thither was wondrous indeed to see. Green meadows a mass of bloom; quiet, quaint homesteads, rushing streams and far and near on every side, as if they drew together to look at the intruders, solemn pined-crowned heights, and at the end of it all—The Plough! Here is rusticity indeed. Jessie says we must re-christen it in our letters, or people will drop us when we get home: it is just possible, on the contrary, that we might become the fashion on account of our eccentricity, but as neither result would be desirable, we must sacrifice the truth, I suppose. In every other respect except its name—and what's in a name?—our Plough is perfect. Aunt Mary indeed, looks rather grave, and says, "Children, do you really think it will do?" but she is immediately put down by clamour and retreats defeated. Aunt Mary loves simplicity dearly, and delights with the glee of a child to escape from the bondage of her maid; but even simplicity, as she remarks, may be carried too far when it takes the shape of a tea-cup to wash in. For the rest, there isn't a shred of carpet anywhere, and the beds are devised as a wholesome discipline for the luxurious; but there are open case-ments framing "bits" worthy of a famous brush, and an air that is subtly scented comes in at them, and without lies the village, with peasants as gaily costumed as if they had walked off the boards of a theatre, and the sun touches the spires of the pines and dances on the stream; and down yonder by the pool, Pan will steal through the whispering reeds and pipe to Jessie, our music-maiden. "Et ego in Arcadia vixi!"

June 3.

THERE are only two other visitors here besides ourselves, and both are German. There is a tradition, indeed, of an Englishman having passed this way once, but his very name is forgotten; we have therefore at last attained the object of our

lives and escaped the ubiquitous British tourist. Our hosts of the Plough are delightful; there is mamma Huber, who is jolly and fat and smiling, and who stands with arms akimbo, and talks to Jessie and me as if we were deaf, in her loud, guttural South German; papa Huber smiles too, but he says nothing, being a silent man by nature. His sons more than make up for this, however, by their constant bright chatter; they are both very handsome lads. Arnold, of the true peasant type, tall and broad-shouldered and strong of limb; Karl, slim and graceful, with a beautiful refined Greek face and a most mobile, changeable expression. Karl, it seems to me, must have been a changeling, and got into this household by mistake. Lina, the only daughter, has also a goodly share of the family beauty, and this rustic belle has evidently a great many admirers, two of whom came in to supper last night. The waiting is done by the young people and the cooking by mamma Huber. We dine at half-past twelve and breakfast under the lime trees, and congratulate ourselves every hour of the day that we had the courage to escape a London season and its artificial pleasures, and to pursue nature here to her very own home. I asked Aunt Mary to-day what she thought of our fellow guests. She only laughed, and said, "They seem to be very good friends, and it rather surprises me;" but when I asked her why, she would say nothing but, "wait and see." The man is a Rittmeister; but in this land of soldiers colonels are as common as flies. His name is Wendt, with not even a "Von" before it. Jessie says he is ugly, but it's rather an attractive kind of ugliness, and he certainly looks a gentleman. The lady is a widow, Frau Henritze. She wears shabby black, and has big, saucer-like eyes that embarrass you with the directness of their gaze. "The reason why I cannot tell," but I do not like this Frau Henritze, which, as Aunt Mary remarks, is very unreasonable, seeing we have as yet only exchanged ceremonious bows. But I am quite certain Aunt Mary does not like her either.

June 6.

ONE ought to expect wonders in Wonderland, to be sure, but we were all astonished the other day when Karl in the interval of changing the soup plates, sat down to the open piano and played divinely, with a softness of touch, and a depth of expression quite out of the common. Jessie flushed up and opened her blue eyes so wide with astonishment that Colonel Wendt could not help smiling. He had got papa Huber to present him to Aunt Mary (who of course passed as Mrs. Smith) in due form, so we are on speaking terms now, and whatever he may inwardly think of our German, he receives it outwardly with serious politeness. "You must ask Lina to sing to you," he said to Jessie. "She has a voice that would bring in a fortune if it were cultivated." "Does everybody play—you too, Arnold?" Jessie asked. "Oh yes, M'selle," Arnold answered, cheerfully, "it comes to us all somehow;" and having presented us each with our portion of cake and omelette, he went over to the piano and played a duet with his brother. It went off quite brilliantly, with a precision and neatness of execution that would have delighted our old music-master at home, whom I could never manage to please; but, in spite of Jessie's coaxing and entreaties Karl would not play again. He went off by himself and we saw him no more that day. "It is his way," Arnold says, with a shrug of his good-natured shoulders. It is the price, I suppose, that poor Karl pays for that over-sensitive soul of his that has somehow got into the wrong habitation. At supper-time two officers came over from Carlsruhe and had a most promising flirtation with pretty Lina, while Dr. Ebers, the head forester, who is her avowed lover, sat in a corner looking black as thunder. Frau Henritze presently sat down by him and began whispering to him, evil counsel, I am sure, for he looked angrier than ever. As for Lina, she hadn't a word for him, though many of her airs and head-tossings were meant for

him, no doubt; and though she had refused to sing for him, she did so at once at the request of the officers. Arnold played her accompaniment; she has a beautiful voice, as mellow as a blackbird's, with a clear trill of notes that seem to come without any effort at all from that little round throat of hers. And yet she has had no teaching except from her uncle, who is organist of the church in the village and blacksmith as well! Herr Wendt went with us for a walk to-night in the moonlight and pointed out all the beauties. Aunt Mary asked him about his regiment, but he told her he had retired from active service. He came here on a walking tour and remained because the simplicity of native habit and custom pleased him. "In town one is hedged round with so many restrictions," he said, "and one's doings are so sharply observed and chronicled, that one is forced to live as others dictate." That is certainly our feeling, but I should have imagined a retired officer might have lived secure from criticism in any fashion he pleased. I have found out one good, solid reason for disliking Frau Henritze. She's a social democrat. I don't quite know what that is, but it is something quite as disagreeable and uncanny as dynamite.

June 7.

TO-DAY when I was sitting in the sommerhalle—a sort of glass box, where we take afternoon tea and write our letters—Karl came to me and said, in his coaxing, penitent way:

"Fräulein, was I very unbearable yesterday?"

"No, Karl, only a little sad, I thought. Was it your own beautiful music that gave you such melancholy thoughts?"

"I sometimes wish music never had been invented," he said, darkly.

"So do I," I answered, "because everybody plays so very much better than I do."

He laughed at that, and, with one of his sudden changes, asked if I would care to hear him play again. Of course I assented, and we walked across to the house together, but lo and behold! when we reached the saloon, the piano was already taken possession of by two pairs of hands, and to such good effect, that we both paused to listen before we had even ascertained the identity of the players. I don't know whether Karl or I was the more astonished when we discovered them to be Herr Wendt and Jessie! Jessie's fair face was very earnest, as it always is when she is playing her best, and Herr Wendt's entire personality seemed to have gone into his finger-tips, so far at least as one could judge from his expression. The whole proceeding struck me as so comical that I could not help laughing, though it was something very solemn and grand they were playing, and I am afraid my frivolity broke the spell, for Jessie looked up with a start and her fingers faltered on the keys.

"You are tired, Fräulein?" said the colonel, rising at once. Jessie protested she was not tired, but he would not remain, and left us with one of his ceremonious bows. Karl disappeared too.

"When did you discover this new accomplishment in our cavalier?" I questioned Jessie, but all that I could extract from her was that it was excellent practice—and as I was so disobliging as to refuse to play with her, she was obliged to accept the services of a stranger.

"Karl would play with you," said I.

"Karl is a spoilt boy," she remarked, and with that she made her escape.

This afternoon we went, under the escort of Colonel Wendt, to a village some two miles off to hear and see an orchestration, for the manufacture of which this neighbourhood is famous. Arrived at our destination, we proceeded to the inn where this treasure is kept, and ordering some light wine, "for the good of the house," we produced our own luncheon-basket and ate and drank to the sound of a full military band, every separate instrument being distinctly represented. Herr Wendt had the glass doors removed, and explained the delicate, intricate machinery to us, but more wonderful,



even, than the waltzing measures that fell so tune-fully and trippingly on the ear, is the circumstance that this orchestration, which cost £300 to build, is the property of a peasant woman, who earned every penny of this large sum by her own hard toil. Her honest, work-worn face was one huge grin of delight, as she stood with arms akimbo listening to the music she loved. In returning home, Aunt Mary drew Jessie's arm within hers, and I found myself a pace or two behind with our soldier. We were talking of the inherent love of music in the fatherland—a love which can make such sacrifices as this peasant had made, when he remarked:

"Your cousin, Mdle. Smith, plays very beautifully. She has been excellently well taught."

"Yes," I said, "she has had the best teaching London can give."

"Ah, in London, you can have everything."

"You know it, perhaps?" I said, not in the least expecting that he did, but to my surprise he said, "Yes, he had visited London frequently; he had many good friends there."

"Then you can speak English, no doubt?" I questioned, feeling rather wroth with him, for what seemed to me a base concealment; but of course he protested that we spoke German so much more exquisitely and correctly that there was no necessity for his poor attempts. I made him talk, however, and he really speaks very well indeed, with quite a refined accent.

When we got to our room and were taking off our hats, Jessie asked me, with as much sarcasm as she could put into her sweet voice: "And when, pray, did you discover *this* new accomplishment in our cavalier?"—and of course I had my Roland ready for her Oliver—"It's very good practice for him." Jessie came close up to me and put her hands on my shoulders. "He has sent for his violin," she whispered, "and mamma says I may play with him."

Aunt Mary is certainly not behaving with her usual prudence, especially as she does not know what I know—that our soldier is acquainted with the C's and D's, and has visited the latter in Park Lane. I did tell Jessie when we were brushing our hair at night—because I couldn't keep it to myself any longer. "The man is a mystery," I said, "he speaks French and English like a native, and he has travelled everywhere, and he knows the C's and D's—the most exclusive set in London—he, a mere Herr Wendt, without so much as a poor Von to his name—do you think," I cried, as a new and dreadful idea struck me, "do you think he can be a courier?"

"A courier, indeed!" retorted Jessie, looking mightily indignant; "does it never strike you that he may think it equally odd that a mere Mrs. Smith should know the exclusive C's and D's? Perhaps you think he takes us for ladies'-maids?"

This of course, was unanswerable; nobody would take Aunt Mary or Jessie for anything but what they are—real, *born* ladies—and if Herr Wendt isn't a gentleman, well, he acts the part without a flaw.

June 10.

THE violin arrived by diligence the very next morning, and the practising began forthwith. Aunt Mary sits in the room with her knitting and listens unwearily for hours. Those two play as if they had practised all their lives together, and had but one soul between them; even I, who am but a calm and dispassionate lover of this gentle art, find a strange enthrallment in this dual melody; but I miss my cousin Jessie. She is drifting away from me daily and hourly, and there is a growing look of abstraction in her eyes, as if she lived too much in an inner world. I wonder if Aunt Mary sees it? This morning, feeling rather lonely and neglected, I went with Karl to the organ-loft of the church to hear him render the music of a funeral service in the absence of his uncle. The sad undertone of the deep notes, and the melancholy of the ceremonial below, suited my dreamy mind. Karl played all through without a note of music, and with a wonderful depth of feeling and expression.

His young, fine face was very sad, not so much, I think, with the loss he was commemorating as with some inner heart-sickness of his own. Glancing from the little window in the gallery, I saw Frau Henritze and Dr. Ebers in the village street beneath. The young forester looks very handsome in his uniform of bottle-green and silver, but his face, which nature meant to be contented and happy, has an almost habitual frown now. Frau Henritze was talking with much gesticulation, he seemed to listen moodily. Even here, in this peaceful Eden, the serpent has entered. While they talked together, Lina came with her pitcher to the well. She hesitated a moment when she saw young Ebers, and he made a forward movement as if he would have joined her, but a word from his companion held him back; and Lina passed on with that pretty chin of hers held high. I wish something mildly disagreeable but not dangerous—say a bad cold in the head or a sprained ankle—would visit our social democratic friend.

Karl told me when he had finished his performance and played the mourners gently out of church, that a new lady was expected by the diligence at eleven o'clock. The arrival of the diligence is our one daily excitement, the only link that unites us to the world left behind. As we left the church together, it rattled up to the door of the Plough, and good-natured Arnold darted forward to assist the new guest to alight. She is middle-aged, with short, waving grey hair, and a rather dignified appearance, her name is Von Zukeroff: we have got a "Von" at last!

Something has happened to Frau Henritze—at least she has disappeared; unfortunately for the prosperity of my scheme, Herr Dr. Ebers has disappeared too. Since this morning, when I noticed them together in the village street, no one has seen anything of either of them. Their absence was taken lightly enough by everybody—and when I asked Arnold if he thought they could have eloped, he laughed so much that I fancied he would never stop. "The Herr Forester can take care of himself," he said, "as for the Frau, she has a husband already."

"I thought she was a widow!" I exclaimed: "I am sure she said so."

"Very likely," said Arnold, laughing again, and looking mysterious, but he enlightened me no further. When supper-time came and the truants had not reappeared, it was suggested by the new lady, whose early reserve had broken down before this common anxiety, that some one should go in search of the pair. A storm had been threatening all afternoon, and it now descended in torrents of rain, which seemed to lend an air of tragedy to the circumstance. There was no one to dispatch but the ever-ready Arnold, and even he did not appear to have any enthusiasm for his mission. He went however, his lagging resolve somewhat quickened perhaps, by the sight of Lina's red eyelids as she waited on us. We all went to the door to speed the explorer, who, booted and cloaked, stalked off in the direction supposed to have been taken by the fugitives. We had no music to-night, and the frivolous suggestion of a young man who is a passing guest, that Herr Wendt and Jessie should play the "Wedding March," was received with the silence it deserved; we played dominoes for pfennings instead, and listened to Frau von Zukeroff as she discoursed with Aunt Mary. She speaks the most beautiful, clear German I have ever heard; it is spoken music on her lips: she is evidently proud of this gift, and has offered to correct Jessie and me, but as Jessie and the Colonel have taken to talking English, I shall be the chief victim. It is now very late, and Jessie is asleep. Arnold has come home wet to the skin and rather cross, his search having been quite unsuccessful.

June 12.

TWO whole days have gone by, and still there is neither sign nor hint of the missing pair, and our wonders and surmises and queries have died of sheer starvation. But for Lina's misery we should

all feel rather relieved by Frau Henritze's absence, and the release from the questioning of her hungry eyes, but though Lina deserves to be miserable, one cannot help being sorry for her. She has really been cruelly punished, and has not the heart to produce a single smile for any of her other admirers. Herr Wendt has really made himself charming all this time, and has developed many new resources to make the time pass. One dismal day of rain he read aloud in the *sommerhalle*. It was a French novel—not a wicked one. The new lady joined us, but she did not work, and she listened with an air of suspended criticism which was really very irritating. She says Colonel Wendt's French may be Parisian, but it is not the best Parisian, implying, of course, that her own is of that high order. One would think she knew everything; one thing, however, she *does* know, and that is how to sing. She has a magnificent organ, and it is trained to the last degree of perfection. To hear her sing "Er der Herrlichste von Allen," is a revelation of what singing can be and ought to be. Lina's sweet, natural gift of song, is as the piping of a linnet in this liquid full-throated nightingale, and she has a certain impassioned dramatic action, and emphatic utterance, such as I imagine Rachel must have had. I suppose in this land of music even so rare a singer as this would not be counted a marvel; but imagine any little country village at home producing, even as chance guests, such a galaxy of stars as shine upon us here! Aunt Mary and I and old papa and mamma Huber are the only audience, but fortunately these music-mad people seem to find joy enough in their art to dispense with the stimulus of applause. Jessie, at least, and the Colonel never seem to notice whether any one is listening or not to that endless duet of piano and violin. Now I wonder, is it really the beauties of those Mozart and Beethoven sonatas (some bits, I'm sure, are quite ugly) that enwrap them, or can it be something else? Well, if Aunt Mary won't or doesn't worry, why need I?

I was consoling myself with this sentiment which quite frees my conscience, when I glanced up, and from my seat in a corner of the *sommerhalle* saw a familiar figure coming towards the Plough. Could it be—it really was Dr. Ebers, walking, as I fancied, with an air of proud disdain, as if challenging us all to think or say what we pleased of him. But he was alone. What had become of Frau Henritze? Had he thrown her over a precipice, or into a stream, or—whilst I was conjuring horrors, I was the involuntary witness of a very pretty little scene. The villain of the piece had almost reached the steps that lead by a little aimless flight—up one side and down the other—to the door, when Lina appeared there. She looked out with a listless, dejected air, but suddenly her face changed, a deep flush overspread it, and with a little cry she started forward and was safely caught in a very firm embrace. I allowed the lovers ten minutes to compose themselves, and myself the same amount of time to meditate on the wickedness of some young men, when Jessie came flying across to me. "Conny," she said, "put away that pen and listen. Dr. Ebers has come home."

I remarked that I knew it.

"And he is reconciled to Lina."

I replied that I knew that also.

"Perhaps you know too," she said, with a little irritation, "that he never was with Frau Henritze and doesn't know where she is?" That was asking too much of any one to believe. Didn't I see them go, with my own eyes? "He has deceived you, my dear," I said, and "I'm afraid he has deceived poor little Lina too."

"Poor little—nonsense," said Jessie, crossly; "since you are so disagreeable, I don't think I'll tell you what *has* become of our social democratic friend."

"Jessie," I said, "I am penitent. I retract all I have said. I will listen to every note of the next sonata with violin accompaniment, only don't keep me in suspense."

I don't think Jessie liked the hint about the music, but she was burning to tell her story.



"Do you remember that innocent-looking young man who came last Sunday from Strasburg to spend the day?"

"The one with spectacles and long hair? Did she run away with him?"

"Ran away from him. He was a detective—a spy in the pay of the police, I believe, and as Frau Henritze is mixed up with some secret society, I suppose she thought it time to disappear. Arnold knew it all the time."

"Knew it—that night he went to seek for her?"

Jessie nodded. "Clever of him, wasn't it? He says he didn't want to make a fuss, as she was a woman. There's chivalry for you!"

"Base deception, I call it," said I, feeling angry when I remembered how he had laughed at my wild conjectures. After thus rubbing shoulders, as it were, with conspiracy, the patching up of a lover's quarrel seemed but a tame affair. Dr. Ebers, it seems, had simply gone home to spend a few days with his parents at Carlsruhe, and being in dudgeon with Lina, had not thought fit to announce his intention. Her sudden surrender was evidently a great surprise to him, for he knew nothing of what she had suffered during those days of suspense. They look most foolishly and absurdly happy, as overs do to every one but each other.

June 16.

So tame a conclusion to the tragedy we had conjured up left us all rather cross—those of us, at least, who found no consolation either in love or music, but we were not destined to stagnate long in dullness. A coldness and estrangement has somehow arisen between Colonel Wendt and Frau von Zukeroff. Nobody knows exactly how it begun, but it has culminated in a fit of very bad temper on the lady's part. She says he is no gentleman—a withering sarcasm which appears to be the common property of ladies of all nations. The odd thing is to see how Jessie resents this charge. "Anyone with a pair of eyes can see he is a gentleman," she says, quite vehemently, and yet he hasn't the magic "von"—and can therefore lay no claim to azure blood.

"What a pity he isn't in our rank," I said involuntarily, and certainly with no wounding intention; but Jessie has not spoken to me since. Aunt Mary might see how things are tending, and certainly if she thinks to ward off a crisis by allowing Colonel Wendt to walk and talk with me, she is sadly mistaken. We have given him every reason to suppose himself our equal and no one can blame him if he takes advantage of his position. Besides, when he is with me he talks all the time about Jessie and her perfections, and her gifts of musical expression. He did so to-day when we were toiling in advance of the others up the Hornsgrinde. We—the household of the Plough—made the excursion *en famille*, with the exception of Frau von Zukeroff, who stiffly declined to join us if Herr Wendt was to be of the party. He was talking of this—

"I am afraid I have blundered somehow," he said, "and as I do not wish to be the cause of any unpleasantness—especially to ladies—I think I ought to leave."

"Oh no," I said stupidly, for it really would be the best thing for everybody if he went away. "Oh no, that would be too great a triumph for Frau von Zukeroff. It would make her more certain than ever of being in the right."

He laughed and then he sighed. "It would be very hard for me to go," he said. We had reached the summit and were seated on the low growing heather looking down on the superb view. On one side lies the whole expanse of the Rhine valley—the river, like a silver ribbon winding in and out, the Vosges mountains blue and mystical on the farther shore. The spire of Strasburg Cathedral shows but as a black dot on the landscape, but we distinctly saw a steamer, like a child's penny toy, crawling on the water highway. Immediately beneath were the summits of innumerable peaks, touched with sunlight, but struggling out of an

intense, blue-green gloom, where twilight was already falling, and on the far horizon was the flash and gleam of snow-clad Alps. It was strangely beautiful, but I think the Colonel saw nothing of it. I believe he entirely forgot my presence, for he rose suddenly and proclaimed to the surrounding hills—"I will not go away, until I know my fate!" and with that he stalked off. How could I help it if—after we had eaten and drank, and admired till we had no more adjectives left—and were going down to meet the carriages again—he should so arrange that he walked on in front with Jessie? Aunt Mary looked grave, but I didn't pity her; all my sympathies were with the pair, on whose path I saw thick shadows gathering. Jessie is very fair to see; she is well born, highly connected, and will be one day rich. She is not meant for an obscure German soldier, though he takes her to be Miss Smith of London, and though he is well educated, and plays divinely. Our disguise had never before worn so mean and deceitful an air. "Aunt Mary," I cried, as we both followed the two in front with our looks, "may I run on and tell him who you really are?"

"Not yet, I think, my dear," she said.

"You want him to commit himself first," I said; "I never knew you could be so cruel."

She did not answer my reproaches, and we walked on in silence, but when we reached the carriages it was quite easy to see what answer Jessie at any rate had given. Her blue eyes had a shy delight in them, and yet they looked with a deprecating appeal at her mother, as if to say—"forgive me and be kind to him, for I could not help it." As for the Colonel—a miracle seemed to have happened to him. He looked suddenly quite handsome. Their peace would last till we got home, at any rate—after that—well, I am glad I'm not Aunt Mary!

June 18.

After that, a very unexpected thing happened—it is always the unexpected that *does* happen. As we neared the Plough we saw Frau von Zukeroff walking slowly to meet us, in talk with a gentleman, a little man whose walk and air somehow seemed familiar. "It is Mr. Bradshaw Symonds!" we both exclaimed, and in the same breath he greeted us with an uplifted finger. "I have found you out!" he cried. "Said I should, Miss Conny; didn't I now?"

We could not pretend to be overjoyed at the meeting. Bradshaw Symonds is one of those small butterflies of society who flutter everywhere, and retail everything, and go everywhere and know everybody. The gates of our Arcady having surrendered to him, the whole world might as well flock in. Our carriage was the first to arrive, and as we stood at the door waiting for the others, he employed the moments in congratulating himself in having discovered us so easily, though I believe it was all pure accident.

"A very distinguished little party, you are," he said; "I was glad to renew my acquaintance with Mme. Louise Schmaltz."

"Who is Mme. Louise Schmaltz?" I asked.

"Now, now! Miss Connie, what a piece of pretence!"

"Well, I never heard of her," I said, coldly. "It is no pretence."

"You have seen her and spoken to her anyhow," he said, pointing to Frau von Zukeroff, who was pacing the road at some distance, "and if you had lived at Petersburg you would have heard her too. She is first rate—especially in tragic parts."

"I hear my old friend Count von C. is here too," he went on. "Heard it in Baden-Baden. Told me some girl was the attraction."

"Really Mr. Symonds, you know so much more than I do, that I hesitate to contradict you," I began; but at this moment the second carriage drove up and Mr. Symonds rushed forward, and after greeting Jessie, turned to Herr Wendt, and shook him heartily by the hand. My senses seemed to desert me. When next our butterfly friend fluttered near

me, I clutched him by the sleeve. "Who was that you shook hands with?" I demanded.

He looked extremely surprised and then he laughed.

"Oh, you want to keep up the farce, I see? That was Count von C., the head of one of the oldest families in Germany, and a thorough good fellow. I wonder who the girl—" A sudden light seemed to dawn on him as he caught a glimpse of Jessie's face. It was his turn to be confused. "Miss Conny," he said, "do you think I may venture to congratulate your cousin?"

"No, you may not," I replied. "If my cousin is to be congratulated at all, it is on her engagement to a retired soldier and famous violinist of the name of Wendt."

I think it was I who astonished Mr. Symonds this time.

I wonder if I need explain all the explanations that followed? I suppose it ought not to seem so very odd and extraordinary that some one should have plagiarized our brilliant idea, and chosen to take his enjoyment, as we did, under an assumed name; but I'm afraid I'll never be able to disentangle Herr Wendt from the Count. As for him, he looks half regretful, if that is possible, to his happiness—that Jessie is not simply little Miss Smith of Clapham, so that he might show her the more devotion, and he cannot be sufficiently grateful to her because it was the Colonel she accepted, and not the Count.

"Or the violinist," Jessie suggests, shyly; "wasn't it the music that began it?"

I suppose we shall have more music than ever, now that we have two such ardent pairs of lovers with unutterable feelings to express. Perhaps it will send Mr. Symonds away. He begins to look rather bored already, though Mme. Schmaltz is very kind to him. It is my belief that Aunt Mary knew about the Count all along, though when I asked her she only laughed and said, "So I'm not quite so imprudent or so cold-blooded as you thought—I am I, Conny?" And that, of course, tells one nothing.

So at last everybody is happy all round, as everybody ought to be in Arcady. Even Karl has lost his look of sadness, and is radiant with delight. Somebody—it matters little what somebody—is going to send him to the Conservatoire at Leipzig, where he will learn a little more science than he has been able to acquire from the harmonious blacksmith, his uncle, and where a measure at least of the wants of his sensitive soul will be satisfied.

To-morrow we all go back to London, and to wedding preparations. To-morrow we say farewell to Arcadia, a land overflowing with music; to-morrow our name ceases to be Smith. Our disguise, happily, has done no harm—perhaps, even some good. But it is a privilege, after all, to have some fortune, and an assured position and a little influence; and with this truism I end my diary. It was evoked, I think, by the last glimpse of Karl's happy face, as he waved a farewell from the door of the "Plough."

MUSIC, in the best sense, does not require novelty; nay, the older it is and the more we are accustomed to it, the greater its effect.—*Goethe*.

MUSIC, which gentler on the spirit lies

Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.—*Tennyson*.

AN idea steeped in verse becomes suddenly more incisive and more brilliant; the iron becomes steel.—*Victor Hugo*.

MELODIES die out like the pipe of Pan, with the ears that love them and listen for them.—*George Eliot*.

MUSIC and rhyme are among the earliest pleasures of the child, and in the history of literature poetry precedes prose. Every one may see, as he rides on the highway through an uninteresting landscape, how a little water instantly relieves the monotony; no matter what objects are near it—a grey rock, a grass-patch, an elder-bush, of a stake—they become beautiful by being reflected. It is rhyme on the eye, and explains the charm of rhyme on the ear.—*Emerson*.



## The Three Choirs Festival:

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

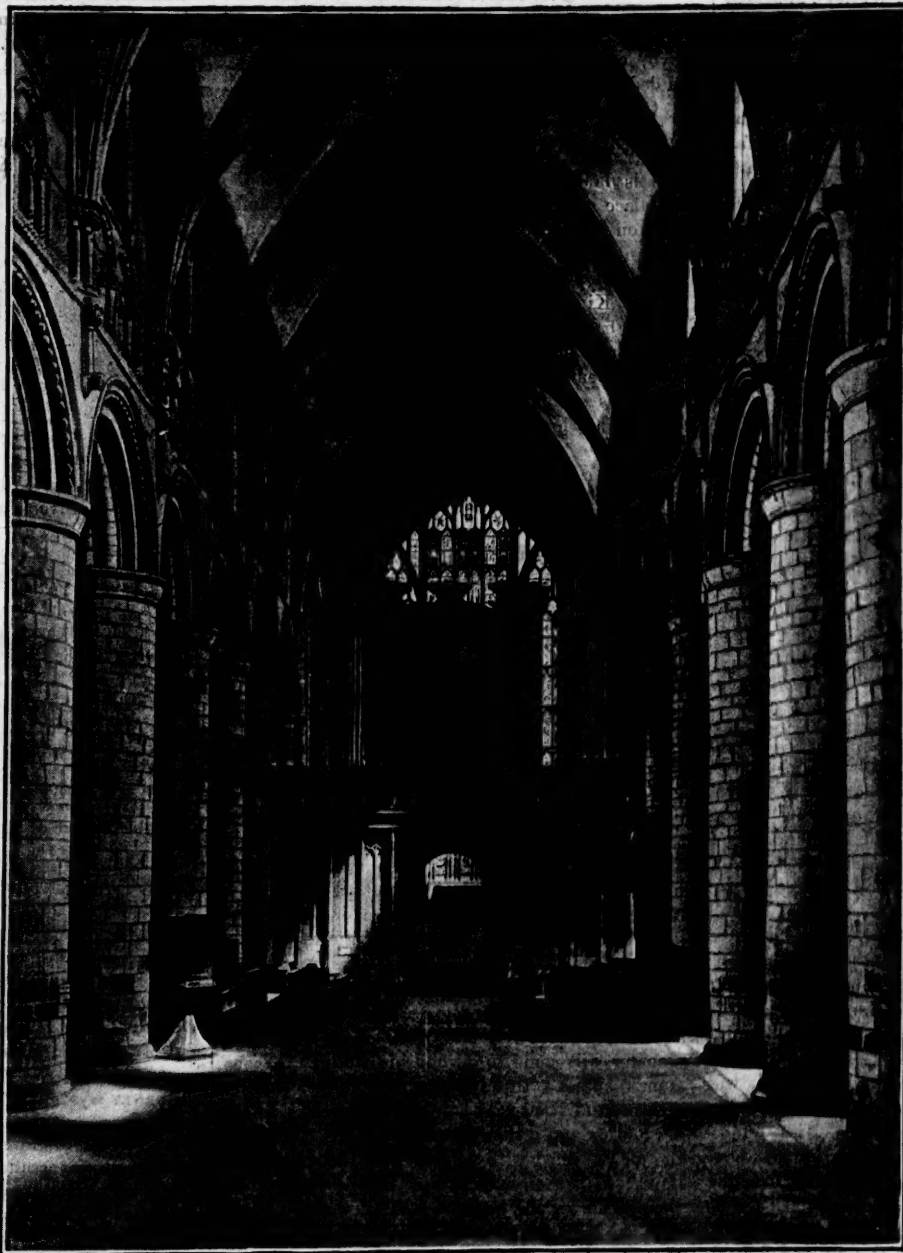
**T**HE history of the formation of the Three Choirs Festival and its subsequent career is an oft-told one, but will bear repeating as the movement has taken such a prominent place in the musical world, and done so much to advance the study of the art, encourage musical talent, and bring within reach of a large section of the public works and selections by the great masters, whom they would otherwise never have heard and learned to appreciate and love. The origin of the meeting is to be traced back to 1724, when members of the choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, with other musicians, were wont to meet together once a year, at each of the cities in rotation, for the purpose of practising and improving themselves in harmony. It was in this year that Dr. Bisse, Chancellor of Hereford, proposed that at these meetings there should be a collection for the benefit of the orphans of the poorer clergy in the three dioceses, or of the members of the three choirs six stewards being entrusted with the disposal of the money. The same divine proposed the holding of the meeting at Worcester in the following year, and at Hereford in 1726. At first it was usual for the members to meet on the first Tuesday in September, choral services being performed on the two following days, a sermon being preached and a collection made on behalf of the charity on the second day. Now the performances, the chief feature of which has always been sacred music, extend over four days, and collections are made at each service. Since 1751, when the services of the lay-members ceased to be gratuitous, the officers of either of the Cathedrals have not benefited by the collections, which were devoted exclusively to the relief of widows and orphans of clergymen. Originally the whole management of the meeting was placed in the hands of a steward. Subsequently, the number of stewards was increased to six, reduced to two, again increased to four, and ultimately increased indefinitely. For many years Purcell's "Te Deum" and the "Te Deum" of Handel were alternately performed, until the last-named was superseded by the same composer's "Dettingen Te Deum." Some of the first vocal performers were engaged in 1726; and 1733 appears to have been a red-letter year, as the best performances hitherto known in the Cathedral were then heard. The stewards "had collected out of London the first performers both vocal and instrumental; and the band consisted of French horns, trumpets,

hautboys, German flutes, and a fine treble harp."

"The famous Mr. Powell, of Oxford, did the meeting the honour of singing on both days." In 1737, Dr. Boyce, then in the first rank of English musicians, was engaged as conductor, and continued to preside in that department for several years, introducing in 1743 an anthem composed for the occasion. In 1754, Handel's "Judas Maccabæus" was first performed in Gloucester; "Samson" having been performed for the first time in Worcester two years previously. From as early as 1724 it had been customary to hold concerts in the Boothall,

Handel's "Messiah" was introduced for the first time at the Boothall, and was received with rapturous applause. The music was conducted by Dr. William Hayes, a native of Gloucester, and a distinguished musician, who was brought up as a chorister at the Cathedral under the then organist Mr. Hine, a musician of considerable eminence. Three years later at Gloucester, the year after Handel's death, a tribute was paid to the deceased master's memory, "Esther," his first oratorio, the "Messiah," his greatest work, and an Ode to his memory being performed. Dr. Hayes again

conducted. At Worcester, in 1761, Mr. Isaac was the conductor (as he was for several years); and at Hereford, in the following year, Handel's last oratorio, "Jephtha," was performed. At Worcester, in 1770, there was for the first time an additional musical performance—a miscellaneous concert, Miss Linley making her first appearance and acquiring much popularity. She has been described by a bishop as "the connecting link between woman and angel;" and was in 1773 married to the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. At Gloucester, in 1778, Miss Harrop was engaged as first singer at 100 guineas, "the usual compliment to a first singer;" and Master Harrison, known later as a tenor, was engaged as soprano, but his voice broke on the morning of the meeting. In 1784, at Gloucester, the church services and anthems were confined for the first time to the first morning of the meeting. Two years later, at Hereford, it was feared, owing to the difficulty of obtaining stewards, and the dangerous condition of the Cathedral, there would be no meeting; but these obstacles were fortunately overcome, and the morning performances held, in St. Peter's Church instead of the Cathedral. Mr. Coyle conducted. At Worcester, in 1788, George III., his Queen, and the Royal Princesses, who were then at Cheltenham, honoured the meet-



Nave of Gloucester Cathedral looking East, where temporary Orchestra is now erected for Festival.

which were numerous attended; the price of admission in 1733 being raised from half-a-crown to three shillings in consequence of the expense of getting up the oratorio "Samson," the larger demands of the performers, and the want of a larger hall. From 1755 it is possible to obtain a regular account of the performers.

In that year at Worcester, Miss Turner was the principal vocalist; and in the following year at Hereford, Giulia Frasi was the first singer. In 1757, at Gloucester, the meeting was for the first time at Gloucester, extended to a third evening, when

ing with their presence. At Worcester, in 1794, Mr. Pitt, the new organist, conducted for the first time. At the Gloucester Festival, in 1796, Braham, then only 22 years of age, sustained the chief tenor music. In 1798 there was again the danger of the meeting falling through owing to the difficulty of finding stewards, but it was once more overcome, mainly through the exertions of the Duke of Norfolk. At Worcester, in 1800, Haydn's "Creation" was performed. In 1811, at Gloucester, Mme. Catalini was engaged as chief soprano at 400 guineas, fifty of which she returned to the charity.



During her visit to Gloucester, she suggested that a concert should be given for the release of poor debtors. Mme. Catalini and many other distinguished performers gave their services gratis, and the sum of £263 19s. was realized. £130 was paid over to the treasurers of the Infirmary, and the remainder applied to the release and relief of a number of poor debtors. The principal singer of the 1829 meeting was Mme. Malebran Garcia; and the Queen, then Princess Victoria, was present at some of the performances at Worcester, in the following year. In 1832 the Festival took place at Gloucester, under discouraging circumstances. An epidemic of cholera was threatening, the question of Reform was being agitated, and two of the principal singers did not appear. Mr. Amott conducted for the first time. In the following year, at Worcester, Mr. S. S. Wesley (subsequently Dr. Wesley), appeared as pianist. In 1834, at Hereford, the scene of the performance was transferred from the choir to the nave. The 1838 Gloucester Festival was under the patronage of the Queen, and the 1841 meeting resulted in such a loss that a large guarantee fund was started upon which the stewards might fall back when necessary. In 1850, Mme. Sontag and Mr. Sims Reeves were the principal vocalists, and in 1853 the practice was introduced of holding full Cathedral service in the choir, each morning, at eight o'clock. In the year 1859, Mr. Sims Reeves was unable to sing in the second part of one of the concerts, and, on the audience showing some signs of disapprobation, Miss Clara Novello explained the circumstances, and, in a spirited little speech, completely exonerated him. In 1862, Mme. Tietjens took the place of *prima donna*, a position which she uninterruptedly occupied for several years. In 1865, Dr. Wesley, who had succeeded Mr. Amott as organist of the Cathedral, for the first time conducted the Gloucester Festival. Some idea may be formed of the growth of the meeting, when it is remembered that while in 1724 the first collection realized only £31 10s., in 1871 the subscriptions and donations reached the large sum of £1,350. This brief review of the principal Festival meetings, brings us up to

### The Festival of 1886.

THE usual services will be held in the Cathedral on the mornings of the four days, and on Tuesday morning the Very Rev. Dr. Butler, the Dean of Gloucester, will preach in aid of the fund. The principal vocalists engaged are Mme. Albani and Miss Anna Williams, soprano; Mme. Patey and Miss Hilda Wilson, contralto; Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Winch, tenor; and Mr. Santley and Mr. Watkin Mills, bass; so that it will be seen that the best available talent has been procured. Dr. Langdon Colborne, organist of Hereford Cathedral will preside at the organ (which will be specially erected by Messrs. Willis, of London), and Mr. W. Done, organist of Worcester Cathedral, will preside at the pianoforte (and organ on Wednesday evening). The solo-pianist will be Miss Fanny Davies; Mr. Carrodus will lead the band of 65 performers, and Mr. C. Lee Williams, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, will conduct. The chorus will be drawn from Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Cardiff, Bradford, Cambridge, Oxford, and Bristol. On Tuesday morning, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be performed, and on Wednesday morning Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" (soli parts by Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley); Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony"; Gibbons' "Almighty and Everlasting God"; S. Wesley's "Exultate Deo"; and Hiller's "Song of Victory," in which Miss Anna Williams will take the solos. On Wednesday evening, the programme will consist of W. S. Rockstro's oratorio, "The Good Shepherd," in which the soli parts will be sustained by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Watkin Mills; and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Thursday

morning will be devoted to the performance of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," and Friday morning, as usual, to Handel's "Messiah." At the first evening's concert, Mr. C. H. Lloyd's new cantata, "Andromeda," will be given, and miscellaneous selections of music; and at the second concert, on Thursday evening, Mr. F. H. Cowen's cantata, "The Sleeping Beauty" (which will be conducted by the composer), and miscellaneous selections. On Friday evening there will be a special nave service in the Cathedral (with full orchestra and chorus). At this Festival will be introduced, for the first time, two new works, "Andromeda," which we notice at length, and "The Good Shepherd," by Mr. W. S. Rockstro; our remarks on this last composition we are obliged to defer for want of space.

### "Andromeda."

The first of these is a cantata by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, composed by request for this Festival, and dedicated to Mr. C. L. Williams, the Gloucester Cathedral organist. The libretto is by Mr. Frederick Weatherly, the author of the "Song of Balder," and numerous popular songs. The scene is laid partly within and partly without the Palace of Cepheus; partly on the shore and partly on the cliff fronting the same. The persons represented are Andromeda (daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopea), soprano; Cassiopea (wife of Cepheus, King of Joppa), contralto; Perseus, tenor; a Priest, bass; and a chorus of the people of Joppa, queen's maidens, priests, seamaids, and tritons. The argument on which the librettist has founded his work is as follows:—The country of Cepheus lies under grievous plagues. Earthquakes and floods destroy the cattle and the crops; and after the floods comes a monster which devours the fairest of the children and of the flocks. Of the extent of the misery, Cassiopea, the Queen of Cepheus, is in ignorance; and when the action of the cantata commences she is spinning in the palace with her maidens, absorbed in her love for her child Andromeda. That love has, from the first, obscured her love for the gods, and it finds its expression in words which recall the days of Andromeda's babyhood, and the beginning of the mother's idolatry. But the woe of the people at length penetrates to the palace. The priests are consulted. They pray to their special deity Atergati (Queen of the Fish), and then cast lots to discover who is the guilty cause of the national calamity. The lot falls upon Cassiopea. She confesses what has already been indicated, that she has loved her child Andromeda more than Atergati and all the gods in heaven or sea, boasting her to be more beautiful. The priests tell her that this is her guilt, and she must make atonement. Andromeda, whom she loves so well, must die. So in the evening Andromeda is taken and chained to the cliff, whither, at dawn, the monster will come to devour his victim. As she stands chained through the long night, she remembers all that she has left, and seems to see her mother and father weeping for her. Suddenly, the air is filled with singing and the night with light. It is the seamaids and tritons rising from their home in the ocean. And they sing of love that has wrought so much in days of old; of love that breaks through walls of brass, and walks upon the waters. Then, as if in answer to their song, out of the night there comes to Andromeda a voice she has not heard before, and as she lifts her eyes she sees a beautiful youth hovering close beside her, borne upon golden wings. And he asks her of her plight, and she tells him all her piteous story, and he vows to rescue her from the beast. But she bids him go and leave her. It is her fate to die. Why should he die also? He cannot save her. But he tells her that Athene has sent him; that the dwellers in Olympus are mightier than this cruel, jealous goddess Atergati; that he is their servant and has come to deliver her. So she lifts her face to his and gives him her heart

and happy trust. Then, as the dawn begins to tremble in the east, and the waves are ridged with the coming as of a storm, Perseus makes ready. Nearer and nearer comes the sun. Darker and darker looms the monster. But with a proud laugh, Perseus flies towards him; and after attacking him in vain with his sword, uncovers the Gorgon's head, which he carries beneath his mantle, and turns the beast to stone. And the seamaids and the tritons sing again their song to Love, for it is Love that has triumphed through the arm of Perseus. Important parts are assigned both to vocalists and instrumentalists. The introduction is brief, but peculiarly appropriate to the dramatic theme that follows. Four leading themes are introduced, but it is explained that no effort has been made to imitate the Wagnerian method of treatment. The opening bars are associated with the triumph of Love, a theme that appears two or three times, and forms the principal element of the concluding chorus. A suggestion of Andromeda's fate is introduced, and followed by a succession of the uninverted chords associated with the curse of guilt. The scene opens in the Queen's Palace, where the Queen's maidens are interrupted in their singing by cries of "Woe, woe," from the people outside. The Queen's attention is eventually arrested with the people's bewailings, and on their appearing on the terrace their lamentations burst forth into full force. The priest, in a recitative, invites them to visit the temple, and this leads up to a march of a religious character, simple but effective. The music is scored only for strings and wood, the melody of the trio being given to the oboe. Having reached the temple, priests and people join in prayer to Atergati. In the succeeding numbers the argument is beautifully represented. Lots being cast to discover the cause of the calamity, "Heaven's decree" falls on Cassiopea, who, in a duet with the priest, vows that her hands are pure, but is informed what her guilt consists of. The sacrifice of Andromeda is illustrated in a duet, descriptive of the parting between her and her mother; and the scene in which she is fettered to the cliff forms a leading feature of the cantata. Andromeda, bewailing her fate, is introduced in a recitative, and there is a suggestion of the approach of the monster. Finally, Perseus rescues the captive maiden, and a dialogue and duet, in which Love is victor, ensues. The finale takes the form of a march, and is mainly built upon the motive of the triumph of Love, and the Perseus motive, with occasional allusion to the sea monster. The principal voices sing a quartet, after which the reopening of the finale is resumed, a brief coda closing the movement. The work will be conducted by the composer, whose already well-established reputation is likely to be increased. The soli parts will be entrusted to Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills.

BURNEY says Karl Friedrich Abel's musical science and taste were so complete that he became the umpire in all musical controversy, and was consulted like an oracle. He was accustomed to call his instrument "the king of instruments," and to say of himself that there was "one God and one Abel."

EVELYN thus describes meeting John Abell, Jan. 24, 1682-3:—"After supper came in the famous treble, Mr. Abell, newly returned from Italy. I never heard a more excellent voice, and would have sworn it had been a woman's, it was so high and so well and skilfully managed, being accompanied by Signor Francisco on the harpsichord."

ADOLPHE CHARLES ADAM learnt reading music by teaching others how to do it. He says: "Soon after my admission to the Conservatoire, I was asked by a school-fellow older than myself to give a lesson at his solfeggio class, he being otherwise engaged. I went to take his place with sublime self-assertion, and, although totally unable to read a ballad, I somehow managed to acquit myself creditably—so creditably indeed, that another solfeggio class was assigned to me. Thus I learnt reading music by teaching others how to do it."



# The Wagner Festival at Bayreuth.

From "Our Special Correspondent."

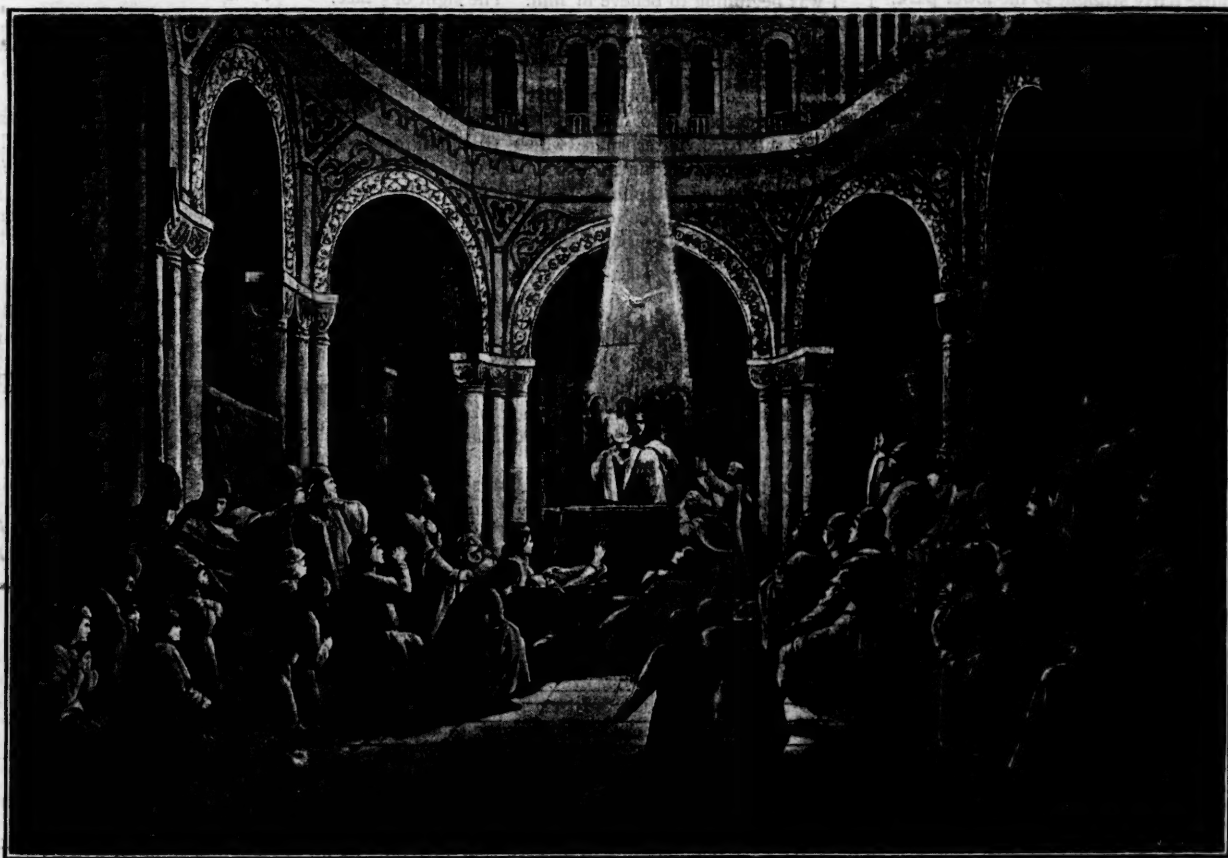
August 18th.

"**PARSIFAL**" and "Tristan und Isolde" will live long in the memory of those who witnessed the recent performances at Bayreuth, not alone for the emotions kindled by the artistic beauty and completeness of the representations, but also from the unique circumstances arising out of the removal by death from the Festival, of the man who helped to make the highest aspirations of Wagner's genius our common heritage. England, the United States, France, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, Russia, Italy, Switzerland, and even Australia have furnished contingents of visitors for the Festival; and Liszt was followed to his quiet resting-place, near Wagner, by a representative gathering of artists,

moments come but seldom; they are evolved by the climax of a life's work.

Some idea may be formed of the grand and unique stage effects produced at the Bayreuth theatre, from the scene of the "Hall of the Grail." In "Parsifal" the choruses behind the scenes are divided into several groups—some singing from the middle height, others from the highest height of the dome over the shrine of the Holy Grail; angels' voices (sung with wonderful beauty by about fifty boys) are heard above all these, and what with the Grail-motive given out twice by six trumpets and as many trombones, and the sound of the four deep-toned bells, the total effect is indescribably beautiful and marvellous. The execution by orchestra and chorus

rium (seat rising above seat, each so constructed that the occupant has an entire and uninterrupted view of the stage; upon which, at the dividing of the curtain, scenes of the greatest beauty are presented); the marvellous and weird beauty of the music, mysteriously rising from the "unseen orchestra;" the fine voices and inspired acting of the artistes; the silent and rapt attention of the audience—all these things cannot fail to deeply impress the most ordinary receptive mind. The drawing sent gives\* a view of the interior of the theatre taken from the front of stage looking towards the boxes, among the occupants of which at the opening performances were Prince Ernest of Saxe-Meiningen with his family and suite, Liszt, Herr von Pattkomer (Prussian Minister



THE HALL OF THE GRAIL.—ACT. III.

ALL: O, wonder of Salvation! Salvation by the Saviour

musicians, and Wagnerians from all parts of the world.

In the life beyond the masters meet; meanwhile we inherit the productions of their genius. Later, when, at the theatre, artistes and this audience of varied nationalities gathered to the different performances, this thought was uppermost: the personality of Wagner and Liszt, indefinable, impalpable, yet living in memories and vividly manifest in our surroundings, was indescribably felt; creating a depth of earnestness in the artistes, and in the audience a fervour of enthusiasm; that, electrically reacting on the performers, produced an ideal representation of the parts such as is rarely attainable. The strength of the emotions thus excited by the wonderful soul-stirring scenes at the performances of "Parsifal" and "Tristan und Isolde" culminated in a wild enthusiasm after each act, that burst forth from the vast audience with strangely moving effect. Such

throughout the performances has been of the rarest perfection, all parts, as well in the grand scene in the Hall of the Grail as in the difficult and intricate flower-maidens' chorus, being given with really phenomenal exactitude. The production for the first time at Bayreuth of "Tristan und Isolde," which by many is looked upon as Wagner's most perfect work, proved a triumphant success. The first rendition, on July 25, which was the last musical event at which Liszt lived to be present, roused a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm that completely carried the audience away, and it is no wonder, if, as stated, the haunting beauty of the music of this marvellous work lingered in Liszt's fancy in his dying moments.

From the moment of entering the theatre at Bayreuth, the spectator feels the representation he is witnessing is something differing in its entirety from the ordinary operatic performance. The imposing simplicity of the darkened audito-

ry of the Interior), the members of the family of the late Richard Wagner, as well as many prominent members of the musical and dramatic profession from all parts of the world.

True lovers of art who have watched the present series of performances must feel the firm hold these festal representations have taken on the musical public, and the success that has been achieved enables the authorities to announce the continuance of the performances next year, when "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" will be added to the repertoire. In closing, those who take an interest in Wagner's life-work should at the earliest opportunity "Go to Bayreuth" and witness the perfect representation of the productions of the master's genius.

T. CARLAW MERLIN.

\* Reproduced in centre page of Music Supplement.



## The Story of a Guitar.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "A Woman's Glory," "When We Two Parted," etc.

### CHAPTER XIII.

WE went down to Richmond early in the afternoon—a true July afternoon—sultry and still. The air was full of a dreamy haze that softened the outlines of objects without hiding them. Even the brilliant colours of the flower-beds seemed to be subdued as we passed the well-kept gardens, where women in light summer dresses were sitting under awnings, and men were taking their ease in ozier chairs. We had decided not to go upon the over-crowded river, and William Greystock led his little party straight to the lower park.

It was a very small party, and yet, at this hour, I have but a very faint recollection of those who wandered with me under the old trees that day. I saw but two persons, my husband and Ida Lorimer. The others seemed to move about them like phantoms; and I think I must have looked and spoken as if I were in a dream.

The picture of Ida is stamped indelibly upon my memory. She wore a large straw hat of some fantastic shape, lined with pale blue, and adorned with a bunch of tea-roses. Her gown, too, was a combination of cream-colour and blue, and, as she moved languidly over the grass she reminded me of one of those Watteau-like figures that are painted on fans.

She took very little notice of me, greeting me with a cool courtesy which I repaid with some haughtiness. Ronald was watching our meeting with a furtive glance, and did not seem to be as much at ease as usual. William Greystock, too, watched, and his face was as inscrutable as ever.

Miss Lorimer took possession of my husband in the most natural way in the world. She displayed no coquettish airs; she did not appear to make any marked exhibition of power. But quite easily and calmly she summoned him to her side with a few commonplace words.

"Let us try to get nearer to those deer," she said. "I keep up my old fondness for animals, and deer are the most delightful creatures in the universe."

It was a clever way of separating herself and Ronald from the rest of the party. He attended her, willingly enough; they went together towards the herd, which, of course, moved off at their nearer approach; and then the pair followed, although they must have known the uselessness of the pursuit.

My glance went after them, over the soft grass, now golden with the light of the afternoon sun. What a fair scene it was, those great trees casting their shadows across the sunlit turf; the dappled herds, the mellow haze filling up every space, the two graceful figures moving farther and farther away!

With a start I found William Greystock close to my side, and heard him speaking to me in a peculiarly quiet voice.

"I used to dream of walking here with some dear friend, Mrs. Hepburn," he said. "An afternoon like this always revives old dreams. Mine have never been realized; Ronald has been more fortunate than I have."

"Ah, it is not always a blessing to realize one's dream!"

The words broke from me involuntarily, and were spoken to myself rather than to my companion. But he answered the remark with a touch of sadness in his tone.

"That is a bitter speech to come from your lips," he said, softly. "I hope you do not speak from your own experience."

"Oh, I suppose people's experiences are very much alike," I replied, with an attempt at lightness. "There is always the inevitable disenchantment when we have fairly entered our promised land." He sighed, and there was a brief silence.

"It is a kind of disenchantment I shall never know," he said at last. "All that I have known is the weary march across the desert, the gnawing hunger and burning thirst. Even if the Canaan is less fair than our fancies, it must, at any rate, be sweeter than the endless waste of sand."

At that moment I sincerely pitied William Greystock.

"But why must your life be a weary march?" I asked, forgetting my usual cold caution in his presence. "Why should there not be a Canaan for you as well as for others?"

"Can you ask? No, Mrs. Hepburn, I will not sadden you with any story of myself and my lot. Believe me, my greatest desire is to see you and Ronald happy. I have no stronger interest in life than this."

I was beginning to believe in him. The sight of those two figures, strolling ahead of us under the trees, had begun to confuse my powers of judgment.

I ceased to remember, at that moment, the William Greystock who had come to Lady Waterville's; the hard, bitter man, whose true nature had been revealed to me in many little ways, and who had never yet, in spite of apparent friendship, rendered any real service to Ronald. It seemed to be a new and softer Greystock who was walking by my side, and speaking in this quiet, melancholy voice.

Moreover, the burning pain in my heart, and the ache of my weary head, were fast bewildering my reasoning faculties; and I even began to ask myself whether I had ever known the true Ronald at all? Perhaps he had never loved me; or his love might only have been of that spurious kind which is the outcome of a disappointment.

It is a true saying that, nature abhors a void; and many a hasty marriage has been brought about by the dethronement of an old love. Had Ronald taken me only because he wanted to fill up an empty place in his life?

I ought to have known him too well to have asked this foolish question of my own heart; but there are times when our best beloved seem to present a new aspect to our eyes. I could still see those two figures under the trees; they gave no sign of turning back, or of waiting for the others to come up with them. There was a pause after my companion's last words; and all at once I remembered that they were kind words and called for a reply.

"We have done nothing to deserve your interest in us, Mr. Greystock," I said, sadly. "What are we but a silly young couple who despised the counsel of friends? I almost wonder why you should feel so kindly."

"I have very few people to care for," he answered. "As to Ronald, you know we are half relations. I wish, however, that I had more influence with him."

"I thought you always influenced him," I said, in surprise. "He quotes you constantly, and seems to be guided by your advice." Glancing at Mr. Greystock as I spoke, I saw him quietly shake his head.

"If I could guide Ronald," he began, and then suddenly broke off, and looked away towards the strolling couple.

My jealous heart finished the incomplete sentence. I was sure that he meant to add something about the intimacy with Ida Lorimer; and yet, if he disapproved of that intimacy, why was Ida at Richmond that day? But perhaps she had been invited at my husband's urgent request; and if this were so, Ronald's vexation at my acceptance of the invitation was explained.

The man at my side could furnish me with full particulars of Ronald's old love-affair. Miss Lorimer and William Greystock were friends of long standing.

Half maddened as I then was, I felt a wild desire to make my companion speak more plainly. On looking back to that day, I see that he was perfectly aware of all that was working in my heart, and was quietly waiting for his opportunity. Just then, some of the others joined us, and I closed my lips and brooded over my grief in silence.

The hours went on, and a breath of coolness stole over the great park as it drew near sunset. I gazed absently at the lovely golden lights that fell softly here and there, and longed to be alone in my room at Chapel Place. My desire for solitude increased every moment; I wanted to go away and hide myself, and leave Ronald in the society he loved best.

At length the weary day came to an end; but Ida seemed resolved to keep her hold upon my husband to the very last. She had (or seemed to have) a willing captive; he approached me once with a question and a smile, and then went back quickly to her, driven off, I suppose, by my gloomy face.

"I am taking care of Mrs. Hepburn, Ronald," said William Greystock, pleasantly; and Ronald answered lightly that he knew I was in good hands.

Afterwards I never heard how it was that our home-bound train chanced to be unusually crowded that evening. We were all but too late when we reached the station, and there was a great deal of bustle and hurry in which I could only take a languid part. My head ached, and my limbs were so tired after the very moderate exertions of the afternoon that I could hardly drag myself along, and William Greystock's aid was really needed. I caught a parting glimpse of the fantastic hat with its tea roses, and saw that its wearer was still under Ronald's protection; and then (how, I know not), I found myself in a compartment of a first-class carriage with Greystock.

We were among strangers; not one of our own party was with us; and of this I was almost glad. There was no necessity to keep up a conversation with Greystock. He saw how thoroughly tired I was, and understood my desire to be silent. Leaning back in a corner with closed eyes, I tried to forget myself and my miseries for a little while; and I think I had almost succeeded in sinking into oblivion when the train came to a stop.

When I opened my eyes again I found that all my fellow-passengers were getting out, and we two were left in the compartment alone.

The twilight was now deepening fast; all the warm gold of the after-glow had long faded, and there was only a soft grey sky with silvery spaces here and there. To me it seemed a melancholy night, too still and calm for a heart as passionately troubled as mine.

"Is the head-ache better?" asked William Greystock gently. He was sitting in the opposite corner, and bent towards me as he spoke.

"A little better," I answered faintly.

"Mrs. Hepburn," he said, after a slight pause, "I can never forgive myself for persuading you to come with us to-day. If I had only known—"

"Known what?" I asked involuntarily.

"That you would have had to bear the neglect—the humiliation you have borne to-day! Forgive me if I have spoken too plainly. I always lamented your marriage, knowing, as I did, that Ronald had given away his heart before he ever knew you. Now, perhaps, you can understand why those who loved you best, so bitterly regretted the sacrifice you made in bestowing yourself on him."

Oh, if I had not been so weak and spent, I might have answered him as a wife who had a true sense of her own dignity! But I was exhausted in body, and confused in mind.

"Who are those who loved me best?" I said, clasping and unclasping my hands. "It seems to me sometimes that the only person who ever loved



me was my grandfather. And I wish, with all my heart, that I could follow him!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE was a silence after I had spoken those incautious words. I heard my companion breathing quickly; but when he spoke again it was in a quiet voice.

"We all wish sometimes to follow those who are gone," he said, taking up the latter part of my sentence. "Their love seems the only real love; everything pure and true seems to have passed away with them."

He had exactly expressed my thoughts. Of late I had felt as if my place were with the departed, and not in this world at all. I had succeeded so ill with the living, that I was only fit for the company of the dead.

"But," he went on, in a deepening voice, and with eyes fixed on mine, "we only turn to the past because our hour is not yet come. Do you follow me? I believe that to everyone of us there comes once—perhaps twice—in a life the chance of a happy love. We are blessed indeed if we seize that chance, but most of us let it go by. It may return, and we may recognise in it our last possibility of happiness."

It was not until later on that I took in his full meaning. I was too much excited just then to perceive the true significance of his words; but the earnestness of his look and tone impressed me strangely.

"You are unhappy to-night," he continued. "You have seen with your own eyes that a pre-occupied heart will always be constant to its first tenant. Sooner or later the second love finds itself pushed out into the cold; and it is happiest and wisest when it turns to some warm shelter that stands open and ready."

"A wife can never permit herself to be pushed out into the cold," I cried, with sudden passion. "She will assert her rights, and retain possession." "Right is a poor thing unsupported by love," he said, sadly.

The train had now reached its destination, and our *été-à-été* was at an end. I sprang quickly out of the carriage, and strained my eyes to discern Ronald and Ida in the dim light.

Hundreds were moving to and fro; the other members of our party gathered round us, but those two seemed to be long in coming. At last, quite suddenly, I found them close upon me. Miss Lorimer leaning heavily on my husband's arm, looked full into my face with indifferent eyes.

"I am tired, Ronald," I said, in an unsteady voice. "Let us get home as quickly as we can. Pray come at once."

"What a delightful day we have had, Mrs. Hepburn!" said Ida, without removing her hand from Ronald's arm. "I am afraid you have not enjoyed yourself as much as we have."

Commonplace words enough; but for me they contained a sting!

"Mrs. Hepburn is not well," said Greystock kindly. "The heat has been too much for her."

"And Mr. Hepburn has been basking in the sun!" remarked Ida, with a little laugh. "He ought to have stayed in the tropics. Now I am going to release him," she added, looking at me. "He is free to return to his duties."

There was a quiet insolence in this speech which almost maddened me, over worn and over strained as I already was. Well, was it that the instincts and habits of a gentlewoman came to my aid at that moment, and prevented a scene.

As in a lightning flash, I saw that Ronald feared for my self-control. Was it possible that Ida had gone too far, even for him? The consciousness of this feeling on his part was a great help to me.

"Thanks, Miss Lorimer," I said, with creditable calmness, as I put my hand within the arm that she had let go. "I am so glad you have done with him. Being a stupid, tired woman I am

really thankful for any support. Good night, I am happy to know you have had a pleasant day."

William Greystock said a quiet adieu, and I went off with my husband in silence.

In another minute we were in a hansom, rattling home to Chapel Place; but no words passed between us. My resentment was strong and deep, and he knew that it was just.

Still in moody silence we entered the little room in which we had spent so many happy hours together. I looked round sadly at all our decorations and ornaments, remembering the days when we had worked with loving hands to make this humble home attractive in our own eyes. How idle all that work seemed to me now! Nothing would ever make Ronald contented here when his heart was elsewhere.

"I have been very miserable to-day," I said, at last breaking the long silence, and looking steadfastly at his gloomy face.

"Any one could see that," he answered, sullenly. "I felt that you had made a mistake in accepting the invitation."

"Yes, Ronald," I spoke with rising indignation. "I now perfectly understand why you did not wish me to go."

"You always understood me, Louise; I have spoken plainly enough. I did not want you to go unless you could enjoy yourself; and you would not enjoy yourself—that is all."

"Do you think it was possible for any woman to enjoy herself under such circumstances?" I demanded, passionately.

"Quite possible; it was a fine day, and the people were all agreeable."

His cool tone drove me to distraction. He was standing on the hearth in his old attitude, evidently prepared for a quarrel.

"Oh, Ronald," I said, "you knew, all the time, that you were making me wretched. Was it manly—was it right—to flirt openly with a woman who tried to ignore me?"

"My dear Louise," he began, in that tone of easy superiority which a man nearly always assumes when he is in the wrong. "I wish—I really do wish—that you would go and consult Dr. Warstone to-morrow. You are suffering from hysteria or dyspepsia, or—"

He paused, unable to think of any other disorder on the spur of the moment; but I had calmed myself by a mighty effort; I would be as cool as he was.

"Perhaps I am suffering from one of those complaints," I said, composedly. "I know I have been ill for a long time, but I don't want to give in if I can help it."

"Why shouldn't you give in," he demanded pettishly. "I gave in when I was ill. Anything is better than going about in a chronic state of bad temper, and snubbing unoffending people."

I did not reply. It cost me no effort to be silent now. I saw the uselessness of this war of words, and quietly took up the bedroom candlestick.

"As to people trying to ignore you," he continued, following me into the next room, "all that they try to do is to get out of the way of your wrath. If you had only seen your own face to-day, you would have known why you were shunned."

My heart seemed to be fast hardening within me, and still I kept silence. As I stood before the glass, unbinding my hair, I noticed the stony look that had settled on my features. No wonder Ronald cared nothing about a woman who was so haggard and unlovely. And then I thought of that other woman with her pink-and-white face and golden hair.

My silence was not without an effect. He was ashamed of his unkind words; but this, alas! I did not know till long afterwards.

If he had but yielded then to one of his old affectionate impulses, all might have been well. But who does not remember the loving words that were not spoken at the right moment? How heavily they weigh on the heart after the opportunity of uttering them has gone by!

Still in sullen silence we lay down side by side. I know not whether he slept; I only know that I lay wide awake all through the weary hours of that memorable night. Ah me, I thought of other nights when I had watched beside his pillow, praying that he might be spared to me! I recalled those long midnight hours when he had wakened from fevered dreams to find me near, and many a broken word of love and gratitude yet haunted my memory. Had he loved Ida Lorimer then? Had he secretly sighed for her presence in the sick-room instead of mine?

By-and-by the London dawn crept into the chamber, and found me spent and worn with sleeplessness. While Ronald still slumbered I rose, washed and dressed without noise, and went out into the little yard to see how Nurse's ivy flourished. There I lingered, listening to the chirping of the sparrows, until it was time for breakfast.

It was a brief meal, eaten in silence and mutual restraint. Then, without a word of adieu, Ronald went his way to the City, and I was left to brood over the events of yesterday alone.

It chanced that Nurse was busy that day, and did not come to talk to me, and hear all about the picnic. I got my work-basket and went on sewing and mending as usual, trying not to feel the icy hand that was holding my heart in an iron grasp—trying to forget the dull pain in my temples. And so the morning wore away.

In the afternoon I established myself in my old seat in the arm-chair, determined to court repose. If I slept at all, it could only have been a doze which lasted a few minutes. And then, as before, a loud double-knock made me start up, half bewildered; and once again William Greystock was my visitor.

His first glance at me must have shown him the evident traces of misery and illness; my first glance at him revealed a change in his face which startled and astonished me.

His olive skin was glowing, and there was such an intense light in his dark eyes that I almost shrank from their gaze. But when he spoke, his voice was curiously gentle and calm.

"I have come to see how you are, Mrs. Hepburn," he began, as I rose, tottering, from my seat. "No better than I expected to find you, I fear?"

"I was scarcely strong enough to go to Richmond," I said, making a wretched attempt to be at ease.

"The whole thing was a miserable mistake on my part," he said, sadly.

"I don't know that it was a mistake, Mr. Greystock," I answered, still trying to talk in a commonplace way. "Ronald thought it a very successful picnic. I am rapidly becoming a morose invalid, you know, and I can't enjoy myself as others can. For the future I must be content to be a home-bird."

"A home-bird whose song has ceased," he said, in his deep, mournful voice. "But there is still one power left to you."

"What power?" I asked, bewildered.

"The power to fly; the power to leave one who will very soon leave you. Ah, Mrs. Hepburn, I have come to say startling things; I know not how you will bear to hear them!"

"Speak on," I said, hoarsely. "Has Ronald sent you? There is some dreadful news to be told. Is my husband ill? For heaven's sake tell me quickly what has happened!"

(To be continued.)

WHERE painting is weakest—namely, in the expression of the highest moral and spiritual ideas—there music is sublimely strong.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

SENTIMENTALLY I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of a tune.—*Lamb.*

ALL musical people seem to be happy. It is the engrossing pursuit—almost the only innocent and unpunished passion.—*Sydney Smith.*

MUSIC is well said to be the speech of angels.—*Carlyle.*

IT makes a glad remembrance of our youth, calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.—*Rowe.*



# Music in the Land of Fogs.\*

(From the French of FÉLIX REMO).

## PART I. AMATEURS QUEEN'S MUSIC.

WE have "Queen's English," "Queen's weather," and "Queen's evidence;" but "Queen's music" has been forgotten. This omission is to be regretted, and I have made it my business to supply it. I am sufficiently disinterested to abandon my patent rights to any person who may wish to make use of the new phrase, of course, without meaning to give a lesson to Mr. Frank Wall.

Music has, in fact, long been firmly established at the Court, and a certain element of the picturesque attaches to "Queen's music."

If we consult the memoirs of Mendelssohn, we often find him with the Queen and the Prince Consort, giving a little concert by themselves.

The Queen at this time had a pretty voice. Mendelssohn accompanied her, giving advice to his nervous pupil, and of the three it was Mendelssohn that was treated most like a king. Her Majesty was not above even picking up his music for him, just as the Maharajah, the largest shawl manufacturer in Cashmere, picks up the needles of his workmen, or as Charles the Fifth picked up the brush of Titian.

Prince Albert was a thorough musical enthusiast; he had a weakness for Church music; played several instruments; knew off by heart the most unmerciful fugues of his favourite German composers, and not content with making himself their echo, was ambitious to become their rival. He composed a good deal of sacred music, a *Te Deum* among other pieces. Berlioz, who could bite like a viper, had after many ups and downs, just succeeded in having his *Te Deum* produced at Saint-Eustache: in a fit of sarcasm he dedicated this *Te Deum* to the Prince Consort, in ironical allusion to that composed by his Royal Highness.

Messrs. Novello have published a collection of the works of the Prince Consort, which is sold at a guinea. Fortunately the publication has not seriously interfered with the sale of the works of professional musicians.

Since the death of her august spouse, guide, mentor, and hourly companion, the Queen has rather neglected music. But it is said that one day last year, when Signor Tosti went to Windsor to give his usual singing lesson to Princess Beatrice, the old lady took a fancy to sing the cavatina in the *Barbière*, as she had done in the happy days of her youth, and a telegram had to be sent to town for a copy.

In Scotland she is awakened every morning by the bagpipes. The plaintive persistence of this monotonous music pleases her fancy, sheds a ray of light into the darkness of the past, and revives in her memory the dream of the dead. In truth, she only revives to the enjoyments of the present in the recollection of a lamented past of twenty years of a happiness that has taken to itself wings. She cherishes the pious memory of these fugitive glimpses, and seeks without ceasing to lay hold of dreams that lie buried beneath the shroud of oblivion.

\* We have much pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements with M. Félix Remo for the publication from month to month of his interesting work, "La Musique au Pays des Brouillards," Paris, 1885, which has not hitherto been translated into English. We think it right to explain that we do not wish to commit ourselves to all M. Remo's opinions, which we give as we find them.—Ed.

To come down to reality. Lord Fife, one of the most hospitable noblemen in Great Britain, always includes some musicians among the guests at his magnificent castle of Mar Lodge in Scotland; and the Queen, who lives in the vicinity, takes this opportunity of hearing them without having to pay their expenses. As to this, Mme. Albani can speak best, who has quite a collection of precious gifts from Her Majesty, including, among a number of little trifles that are not likely to ruin the Exchequer, a splendid Indian shawl. But this does not cost Her Majesty very much, as she receives regular consignments of shawls from the Valley of Cashmere, which she clears off from time to time when there is a present to be made. Do not imagine that these shawls come from the shawl-maker to the Queen at Sirinigor. This munificence of one of her Indian subjects has quite a different source. In 1846 a nice fat little bit of land was ceded to the Maharajah of Jumno, Ghooab-Singh by name, who undertook in return to pay seventy-five lakhs of rupees, and to supply the Queen annually with three pair of Cashmere shawls, and twelve of the finest shawls that are woven of the long white hair of the goats of Lhasa. I may refer the incredulous to the *London Gazette* of May 8, 1846.

Returned to Windsor, the Queen mounts her throne again. The simple grandeur of the Scotch mountains, charming in their desolation, where everything induces the simplicity of a country life—shaking hands with the country-people—village dances and fireworks—all must disappear to make room for the rigour of an old-fashioned etiquette.

Unless it was the King of Yvetot, Royalty was never more primitive than at Balmoral. But at Windsor the bagpipes and the squeaking fiddles are replaced by an orchestra attached to the Royal person, who are, however, very rarely disturbed. There are but few concerts to waken up the ancient palace. Thus every possible humiliation is heaped on the poor musicians when they go to draw their salaries, as if to make them feel how little they do for their money, and to hint that they should not come back. One of these unfortunate men who felt ashamed of himself when every pay-day came round, once said to me: "But it isn't our fault if the Queen doesn't ask us to give our services!" Might I suggest that the musicians should be replaced by a barrel-organ, and the concerts described as "Conversation Concerts?"

One day, it is true, her gracious Majesty had Gounod's *Redemption* performed at Windsor, but the performance was under conditions far from flattering to the composer, being given by the choir and orchestra of St. Anne's, Soho; who, I may say, did not make me forget the beautiful rendering of the work at Birmingham.

Why should this magnificent palace be given up to silence? Is it from some sentiment of respect for its imposing solitude and solemnity? Not so; for there nothing but melts into reverie—nothing but breathes language of harmony. Windsor, says Neston Roqueplan, is a romantic residence, "one gallery in which impressed and charmed me more than the whole of Italy." Enter Windsor, and you are plunged without warning into the fantastic chivalry of the Middle Ages. You fancy that at every turning you will descry some knight mailed in iron, or hear some troubadour passing, mandora in hand, in the voluptuous languor of the twilight.

Is not this a field ready to the roamer? But we must take the harness off our Pegasus again.

Before we take leave of these elevated regions, I should like, without exactly going back to the Bardic Kings still celebrated by the Welsh, to borrow from the *London Figaro* a little anecdote on a domestic concert in the comparatively recent times of George the Third.

The scene opens with a quintet in which the King is playing the violoncello, or as I should have said in the language of the Court, "in which his

gracious Majesty condescends to honour the violoncello with his august bow!" The Princess of Wales is gracefully melting over the harp, the Duke of Newcastle is sawing away at the violin, the Duke of Devonshire at the viola, and Philip Dormer, surnamed the witty, is "tootling" the flute.

There is a moment of confusion. The performers regard each other with anxious looks; but the Royal Cello marches on with the calm tread of the elephant. Some try to catch up His Majesty by skipping a few bars, the others slacken the pace, the chaos only gets worse. The harp fancies that there has been some change of movement, and goes off at a gallop; the viola, knowing that His Majesty is accustomed, when he misses a bar, to commence it over again without paying any attention to the other performers, goes back to the last difficult passage; the flute imagines that His Majesty has left out a few bars, and rushes off in a wild steeple-chase in pursuit. But His Majesty goes calmly on the even tenor of his way.

The maids-of-honour are choking with suppressed laughter; the four combatants whisper to each other what is to be done. It is impossible to recover the thread and emerge from the maze; they can only play on steadily, knowing that they cannot get any worse at all events.

Suddenly the King has finished. The Princess looks at her father-in-law's music, and discovers that he had turned over two pages by mistake; his Royal Highness then sits down again and religiously plays out the pages he had missed, while the others go on with their respective parts, all five coming in at the death, almost at the same time.

Only to think that all this happened before Wagner was thought of!

The Queen's children have continued the musical traditions of the family.

The Prince of Wales plays chiefly on the rifle; but still it is said that he occasionally improvises a little on the banjo, and that he used, when he was a younger man, to be very fond of a collection of nigger songs.

But his wife—the sympathetic Princess, with whom all England is in love, as Belgium was in love with the beautiful Duchess of Brabant, now the Queen—the Princess is a really good musician, and one day, when she little thought it, I had the pleasure of hearing her play, with exquisite taste, the pretty *Caprice* in F which Mme. Napoleone Voarine had dedicated to her by her permission. The Princess has also taken lessons on the guitar from M. Curt-Schultz. In the Prince of Wales' domestic circle, many a pleasant evening is devoted to light music.

But the true minstrel of the Court is the Duke of Edinburgh, who tortures a fine Stradivarius in public concerts. Born with a trident in one hand and a bow in the other, he is at once a violinist and a sailor. At twenty-one he was offered the throne of Greece, but he had the good taste to refuse this barren dignity; perhaps he was afraid that his violin would make Orpheus rise from his grave. At twenty-three he was appointed commander of the *Galatea*, and immortalized his ship by baptizing with her name a waltz which he composed in her honour.

An amateur orchestra meets every week, under the conductorship of Mr. Mount, to give him an opportunity of practising in a symphony. At every opportunity his name appears like that of the most humble professional in the bills of concerts of which "charity" is assigned as the object.

He sometimes favours the officers and men of his vessel, the *Minotaur*, with a violin recital, and it is said that the number of killed and wounded is not usually very large.

He also appears at concerts on behalf of the Royal College of Music, and varies the interest by



giving speeches and holding conferences, all on behalf of the impecunious College.

These concerts sometimes result in a curious jumble of the sacred and profane. Thus, the Duke was advertised to play one day at Brighton at St. Patrick's Church. Mme. Marie Roze was to take part in the little *fête*. Dr. O'Brien was to read the prayers and the lessons, then Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was to be sung by Marie Roze and the church choir; Canon Duckworth was to preach the sermon, which was to be an appeal for funds for the Royal College; then the Duke's orchestra was to play "God save the Queen." Only, at the last moment, the Duke had to withdraw; for some reason or other, which I don't recollect, mamma objected.

The Princesses are also all more or less musical. Princess Christian accompanies on the piano the Duchess of Connaught, who made her first appearance in public at a concert at Ascot in 1883. Princess Beatrice plays the piano, takes singing lessons with Signor Tosti, and has composed a Kyrie.

The Duke of Connaught, to keep up the traditions of the family, also plays an instrument, a very humble one, it is true, but in keeping with his military profession—namely, the drum: the drum with its noisy jollity, the drum which has only one note, hard and dull, but a note which can stir the populace and call forth heroes, which can be mournful at a funeral solemnity, and irresistibly catching at the head of an army on the march. It has only one note, but this is the note of the flag, which summons round its standard the patriotism of a nation.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC is the poor man's Parnassus.—Emerson.

THE language spoken by angels.—Longfellow.

THE hidden soul of harmony.—Milton.

THE harmony of things, as well as that of sound, from discord springs.—Sir J. Denham.

GIVE me some music; music, moody food of us that trade in love!—Shakespeare.

SWEETEST the strains when in the song the singer has been lost.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

MY ears were never better fed with such delightful pleasing harmony.—Shakespeare.

MUSIC is not a science any more than poetry is. It is a sublime instinct, like genius of all kinds.—Ouida.

MUSIC can noble hints impart, engender fury, kindle love; with unsuspected eloquence can move and manage all the man with secret art.—Addison.

MUSIC when thus applied raises in the mind of the hearer great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture.—Addison.

TUNES and airs have in themselves some affinity with the affections—as merry tunes, doleful tunes, solemn tunes, tunes inclining men's minds to pity, warlike tunes—so that it is no marvel if they alter the spirits, considering that tunes have a predisposition to the motion of the spirits.—Bacon.

THE circumstances attending Ole Bull's composition of his "Adagio Religioso: Preghiera d'una Madre," written for the friars of Santa Maria Novello at Florence, are thus pleasantly told by Mrs. Child:—"The monks wanted some new music for their church. Ole Bull had promised it, but neglected from day to day to write it. At last they waited upon him early in the morning, and told him it must be ready for rehearsal the next day. 'I was in bed when they came,' said he; 'I had been up all night with the moon, sympathizing with her. I had thought of Norway, of home, of many sad things. I said to the Dominicans that they should have the music the next morning. I took my violin, and it sang to me so sweetly the thoughts of the night! I wrote down its voice, and, as this brought before me the image of a mother kneeling at the altar entreating for her child, I called it 'The Mother's Prayer!' The Dominicans complained that it was too plaintive. They said that they already had so much sad solemn music, they wanted something cheerful. So I composed something in a more lively strain for them.' This was the motive to the 'Polacca Guerriera,' which had occurred to him while looking at Vesuvius, and which he now wrote out for the monks on the spot, giving it an introduction and accompaniment for the organ."

THE

## Principles of Expression in Pianoforte Playing.\*

THIS is a solid work, showing great research, on a subject which is commonly regarded as beyond the range of scientific exposition. Musical expression is, we often hear, something formless, something half-divine, which refuses to be bound within the limits of a cast-iron rule. This view is only the exaggeration of the truth, that in musical expression much depends on Emotion. Emotion goes for much, but it is only one element—in our author's terminology, one of the four motors—of musical expression. The other motors Mr. Christiani gives as Technique, Talent, and Intelligence; making, as we think, a somewhat over-refined distinction between the two latter. Mr. Christiani has not much to say in favour of the mere mechanical dexterity of Technique:

"Discrimination of touch is the intellectual, the internal part of technique; finger velocity only the mechanical, the external portion. Unfortunately, the majority of people are more influenced by external appearances than by internal worth. And so it is that we have a crowd of pianoforte-players for whom technique is the chief ambition; and a large number of amateurs who consider it more desirable to play runs and passages very fast and loudly, than to play them clearly and in moderate tempo, according to the player's capacity; who imagine that to play a long and difficult composition imperfectly, will advance them more in the estimation of their neighbours, than to play a small piece in a finished manner. Such people, although capable of running helter-skelter over a great deal of difficult ground, will have to a certainty a defective touch; it will be mechanically rough and uneven, and intellectually non-discriminating."

Nor is he any more favourable to the claims of mere feeling or emotion:

"Listen to sentimental lady performers, overflowing with emotion, or to the nervously sensitive or to the immature musician, imagining himself to be æsthetic. Mark how they proceed by fits and starts; accenting always violently, and generally in the wrong places; torturing you with sudden and uncalled-for changes from fortissimo to pianissimo, with out-of-time playing which they believe to be rubato; and with mostly exaggerated efforts, which, no doubt, spring from their inner feelings, but with which the mind and understanding have nothing to do. Better intelligence without emotion than emotion without intelligence; but when the fire and impulsiveness of emotion are held in check by the restraining and regulating influence of intellect; when the repose and positiveness of the latter are stirred by the spontaneous inspiration of the former, the one supplying what the other lacks, both going hand-in-hand; then this blending of soul and brain, accompanied by faultless technique, results in the highest attainable executive perfection and artistic beauty."

Emotion, like poetic feeling, is a gift, and cannot be taught; all that can be done is to call forth and develop the germ of feeling that may be latent in the mind. Accordingly, Mr. Christiani does not make the fruitless attempt to lay down rules for what, by its essence, is above all rules. Nor has he much to say on technique, the possession of which he presupposes as a necessary condition for the realization of the conceptions of the intellect. His work is thus almost entirely devoted to the intellectual side of musical expression, and contains an exhaustive exposition of the intellectual principles which govern this expression.

Mr. Christiani has quite a German taste for minute analysis. The means of musical expression he divides into Accent, the relative value of

different notes; Dynamics, the degree of loudness or softness; and Time, the rate at which the piece is performed: and to the first of these, as the most important, the bulk of the book is devoted.

Accents are qualitative and quantitative; that is, notes are distinguished from each other in stress and in duration. In the production of these accents touch is essential, and the acquirement of touch belongs partly to technique. Mr. Christiani contents himself with saying that a good touch consists in ability to press rather than to strike the keys, "pressing-out" being the literal meaning of expression. The intellect must guide the pressure, but the pressure itself is a form of mechanical dexterity. In this context, Mr. Christiani takes occasion to remark that, in accent as applied to duration—that is, the distinction between legato and staccato—the main element is a proper regulation of the pressure on the key, and that nothing whatever is gained by the affected habit of raising the hands half-way up to the ceiling in the performance of a staccato passage.

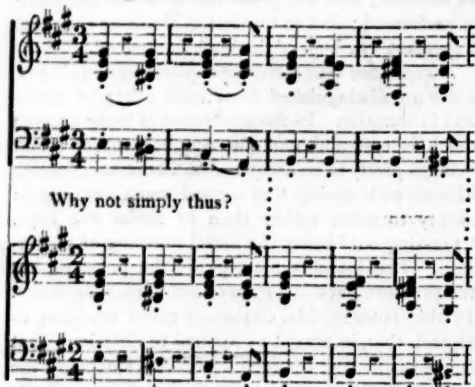
The intellect has to determine when and where these accents have to be introduced. They should be inserted to mark the rhythm, the metric (as our author calls it), the melody, or the harmony; and are described as rhythmic, metric, melodic, and harmonic. The meaning of melodic and harmonic accents is not difficult to grasp; but the distinction between rhythm and metric is rather subtle, and Mr. Christiani admits that it is not one which is much recognized. The distinction, as minutely worked out by Mr. Christiani, amounts to this, that metric is the frame, rhythm the matter. The accents of metric are those of phrases and periods—in fact, of groups of bars; while rhythmic accents mark the different value of individual notes. Two groups, of eight bars each, of a waltz and a polka have the same metric accents, for each period of eight bars is divided into two phrases of four bars, which are again subdivided into sections of two bars, and the beginning of each of these divisions is marked by an accent. But of course in each bar the long and short notes come in different positions, which constitutes the difference in rhythmic accent:

"Metric is the precise measure according to which the rhythmic motion in language and in music is regulated; rhythm the particular nature of the motion within this measure. Rhythm is the ever-changing, volatile motion which in its formation can be of endless variety; metric is the never-changing, steady form or principle which holds in check and directs the timed division of its motion."

The curious will find a complete list of all the possible accents under each head, illustrated with copious examples from the works of the great masters. In rhythm, illustrations are given of grammatical accents positive and negative, and characteristic accents. The positive grammatical accents are those of an ordinary straightforward rhythm; the negative, those in which the accent is removed from its ordinary position, as in syncopation. The effect of the removal of the accent from its usual position often produces a pleasing variety, corresponding to dissonance in harmony. "Uninterrupted harmony would soon become as fatiguing as constant sunshine. A cloud, a storm, a dissonance—in fact, any kind of diversion—is generally a welcome change, a relief. Harmony after discord is a new pleasure; sunshine after rain gives fresh enjoyment. And so with rhythm." But when there is a persistence in this removal of the accented note, Mr. Christiani properly points out that the effect is simply to produce a new regular rhythm of a different character. In one of Chopin's waltzes the rhythmic accent is regularly pushed back until the effect becomes exactly that of an air in common time, and, as our author justly observes, the composer may succeed in deceiving the reader's eye, but he cannot deceive the listener's ears. As an illustration, he cites part of a long syncopated passage from Schumann's A Minor Concerto, which he re-writes in its true rhythmic form below:

\* "The Principles of Expression in Pianoforte Playing." By Adolph F. Christiani. William Reeves, 185 Fleet Street, 1886.

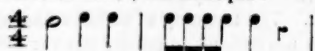


ORIGINAL NOTATION.  
*Allegro vivace. TUTTI.*

Why not simply thus?

Mr. Christiani's remarks on the characteristic accents of different countries are interesting. The polka, mazurka, polonaise, and bolero are figured in their rhythmic forms, and the distinction between German and Slavonic rhythm is thus strikingly put:

"German rhythm, as a rule, begins quietly and increases in animation; for example:



The Germans, being phlegmatic, require time and rousing to get *en train*; the Slavs, being impulsive and impetuous, begin in full swing, and soon subside."

The metric accents of the section, phrase, and period, corresponding in punctuation to the comma, semicolon, and full stop, are fully illustrated. Mr. Christiani agrees with Lobe and most theorists in regarding as the normal metrical form of music the eight-measured period, consisting of two phrases of four measures, each of which is subdivided into two sections of two measures in the manner before indicated, and he regards all other periods as irregular, comparing them, like syncopated rhythm, to dissonance in harmony. The theoretical exposition of the period is clearly illustrated by a metrical analysis of a Nocturne of Chopin, and of the first Sonata of Beethoven, which the student will find most useful.

Melodic accents are chiefly used to mark each appearance of the theme, or to emphasize the highest note in an ascending group, in which the stress of tone naturally rises, and are described as thematic accents and accents of extremes. The following illustration of thematic accents is from Schumann's *Nachtstück*—



Harmonic accents serve to bring into relief harmonic dissonances, especially anticipation and retardation. Modulating notes, which pave the way for the transition from one key to another, have also to be accentuated.

The chapters on Dynamics give some useful hints as to the conditions under which different degrees of power are to be used. Mr. Christiani rightly says that "the great point, in dynamic respect, to

be aimed at, without which no pianist can be an artist, is not so much the attainment of immense power, but that of having one's touch under such perfect control as to be able to say, This is my pianissimo; this my piano; my mezzoforte; my forte; my fortissimo."

Dynamics also deal with the proportion to be observed between the parts of melody, fundamental basses, and accompaniments, which are described as primary, secondary, and tertiary. Our author ridicules the ordinary view which attaches comparatively little importance to the bass, and quotes a remark of Schumann: "An den Bässen erkennt man den Musiker" ("By the bass you recognize the musician").

Mr. Christiani's remarks on time are thoroughly practical.

"In dynamic, far more faults are committed in playing too loudly than in playing too softly; and in tempo far more mistakes occur in playing too quickly than in playing too slowly. . . . Although it is not in my, or any person's, power to lay down a rule with regard to the choice of tempo, I may give a general warning against overdoing by advising the careful player never to take any tempo too fast, but always a little slower than his technique is able to execute. There should always be a margin left for eventualities."

In his careful analysis of *accelerando* and *retardando* we observe he has apparently omitted to warn the executant against the common fault of slackening the tempo at the end of the piece, simply because it is the end, and for no other reason. This vicious habit may also be noticed in the singing of hymns in most churches.

Mr. Christiani enters a vigorous protest against the practice of taking liberties with the time of a piece which has a definite rhythmic form. We recollect having actually heard the waltz in Weber's "Invitation à la valse," which, of course, was meant to represent the young couple engaged in an actual dance, played by M. Vladimir de Pachmann in a rubato time, with the accents all misplaced. No condemnation can be too strong for such purposeless and ridiculous affectation. Mr. Christiani's work, though it may perhaps be too severely intellectual, will be found a useful corrective against this exaggerated sentimentalism, which is apt to degenerate into mere claptrap.

We fancy that many will think that all this elaborate theory is beside the mark, and that, after all, musical expression is felt rather than understood. True, we do not think of positive grammatical accents or of the principles of thematic accentuation in playing a piece of music, and many who play with perfect taste and expression would be puzzled with all this bristling array of theoretical terms. But though we may not have a conscious knowledge of these principles, we must, if we are tasteful players, have an intuitive perception of them. We may have been brought up on the "laissez-aller" system, the system of "find-it-out-for-yourself," as our author calls it, and if we have acquired a good style, it is only by the instinct of imitation. Many succeed in virtue of their innate ability; but others fail who would succeed if their efforts at expression were guided by some such assistance as Mr. Christiani's book affords.

SWEET music! sacred tongue of God!—*J. G. Holland.*  
MUSIC should strike fire from the heart of man, and bring tears from the eyes of woman.—*Beethoven.*

MUSIC, among those who were styled the chosen people, was a religious art.—*Addison.*

MUSIC was a thing of the soul, a rose-lipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea, a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.—*J. G. Holland.*

MUSIC would not be inexpedient after meat, to assist and cherish Nature in her first concoction, and send the listeners' minds back to study in good tune.—*Milton.*

EXPLAIN it as we may, a martial strain will urge a man into the front rank of battle sooner than an argument, and a fine anthem excite his devotion more certainly than a logical discourse.—*Tuckerman.*

Music Studies in  
Germany.\*

Liszt as a Teacher.

SINCE Liszt has passed away and so much has been written and said about him, it seems the more appropriate to give our readers a short review of Miss Amy Fay's charming book, in which she so piquantly describes Liszt and his surroundings that we could almost fancy ourselves in his presence. He certainly had an enthusiastic and appreciative pupil in Miss Fay. The chief charm of her book lies in an ease of description and freshness of manner not often met with. She describes Liszt in the following terms:—

The most extraordinary thing about Liszt is his wonderful variety of expression and play of feature. One moment his face will look dreamy, shadowy, tragic. The next he will be insinuating, amiable, ironical, sardonic; but always the same captivating grace of manner. He is a perfect study.

Never was there such a delightful teacher! and he is the first sympathetic one I've had. You feel so free with him, and he develops the very spirit of music in you. He doesn't keep nagging at you all the time, but he leaves you your own conception. Now and then he will make a criticism, or play a passage and with a few words give you enough to think of all the rest of your life. There is a delicate point to everything he says, as subtle as he is himself. He doesn't tell you anything about the technique. That you must work out for yourself. Playing to Liszt reminds me of trying to feed the elephant in the Zoological Gardens with lumps of sugar. He disposes of whole movements as if they were nothing, and stretches out gravely for more.

But Liszt is not at all like a master, and cannot be treated like one. He is a monarch, and when he extends his royal sceptre you can sit down and play to him. You never can ask him to play anything for you, no matter how much you're dying to hear it. If he is in the mood he will play; if not, you must content yourself with a few remarks.

Yesterday I had prepared for him his *Au Bord d'un Source*. I was nervous, and played badly. He was not to be put out, however, but acted as if he thought I had played charmingly, and then he sat down and played the whole piece himself, oh, so exquisitely! It made me feel like a wood-chopper. The notes just seemed to ripple off his fingers' ends with scarce any perceptible motion. As he neared the close, I remarked that that funny little expression came over his face which he always has when he means to surprise you, and he suddenly took an unexpected chord and extemporized a poetical little end, quite different from the written one. Do you wonder that people go distracted over him?

All playing sounds barren by the side of Liszt, for his is the living, breathing impersonation of poetry, passion, grace, wit, coquetry, daring, tenderness, and every other fascinating attribute that you can think of! I'm ready to hang myself half the time when I've been to him. One day this week, when we were with him, he was in such high spirits that it was as if he had suddenly become twenty years younger. A student from the Stuttgart Conservatoire played a Liszt Concerto. His name is V—, and he is dreadfully nervous. Liszt kept up a little running fire of satire all the time he was playing, but in a good-natured way. I shouldn't have minded if it had been I. In fact, I think it would have inspired me; but poor V— hardly knew whether he was on his head or his feet. It was too funny. Everything that Liszt says is so striking. For instance, in one place where V— was playing the melody rather feebly, Liszt suddenly took his seat at the piano and said, "When I play, I always play for the people in the gallery (by the gallery he meant the cock-loft, where the rabble always sit, and where the places close next to nothing), so that those who pay only five groschens for their seat also hear something." Then he began, and I wish you could have heard him! The sound didn't seem to be very loud, but it was penetrating

\* "Music Study in Germany, from the Home Correspondence of Amy Fay." Macmillan & Co.



and far-reaching. When he had finished, he raised one hand in the air, and you seemed to see all the people in the gallery drinking in the sound. That is the way Liszt teaches. He presents an *idea* to you, and it takes fast hold of your mind and sticks there. . . . I assure you, no matter how beautifully we play any piece, the minute Liszt plays it, you would scarcely recognize it! His touch and his peculiar use of the pedal are two secrets of his playing; and then he seems to dive down in the most hidden thoughts of the composer, and fetch them up to the surface, so that they gleam out at you one by one, like stars!

Yesterday I went to Liszt, and found that Bülow had just arrived. None of the other scholars had come for a wonder, and I was just going away, when Liszt came out, asked me to come in for a moment, and introduced me to Bülow. . . . It was like his beautiful courtesy to call me in and introduce me to Bülow instead of letting me go away. He thought I had come to play to him, and was unwilling to have me take the trouble for nothing, though he must have wished me in Jericho. You would think I paid him a hundred dollars a lesson, instead of his condescending to sacrifice his valuable time to me for nothing.

Liszt knows well the influence he has on people, for he always fixes his eyes on some one of us when he plays, and I believe he tries to wring our hearts.

He does such bewitching little things! The other day, for instance, Fräulein Gaul was playing something to him, and in it were two runs, and after each run two staccato chords. She did them most beautifully, and struck the chords immediately after. "No, no," said Liszt; "after you make a run you must wait a minute before you strike the chords, as if in admiration of your own performance. You must pause, as if to say, 'How nicely I did that.'" Then he sat down and made a run himself, waited a second, and then struck the two chords in the treble, saying as he did so, "Bra-vo," and then he played again, struck the other chord, and said again, "Bra-vo," and positively it was as if the piano had softly applauded! That is the way he plays everything. It seems as if the piano were speaking with a human tongue.

When I think what a little savage Tausig often was, and how cuttingly sarcastic Kullak could be at times, I am astonished that Liszt so rarely loses his temper. He has the power of turning the best side of every one outward, and also the most marvellous and instant appreciation of what that side is. If there is *anything* in you, you may be sure that Liszt will know it. Whether he chooses to let you think he does may, however, be another matter. . . . He is such an immense inspiring force that one has to try and stride forward with him at double rate, even if with double expenditure, too! To-day I'm more dead than alive, as we had a lesson from him yesterday that lasted four hours.

One can never tell what to expect from Liszt. With him "nothing is to be presumed on or despaired of," as the proverb says. He is so full of moods and phases that you have to have a very sharp perception even to begin to understand him, and he can cut you all up fine without your ever guessing it. He rarely mortifies any one by an open snub, but what is perhaps worse, he manages to let the rest of the class know what he is thinking while the poor victim remains quite in darkness about it! Yes, he can do very cruel things.

Some one once asked Liszt what he would have been had he not been a musician. "The first diplomat in Europe," was the reply. With this Machiavellian bent it is not surprising that he sometimes indulges himself in playing off the conceited or the obtuse for the benefit of the bystanders. But the real basis of his nature is compassion. *The bruised reed he does not break, nor the humble and docile heart despise!*

Fräulein Gaul tells a characteristic story about the "Meister," as we call Liszt. When she first came to him a year or two ago, she brought him one day Chopin's B flat minor Scherzo—one of those stock pieces that every artist must learn, and that has also been thrummed to

death by countless tyros. Liszt looked at it, and to her fright and dismay cried out in a fit of impatience, "No, I won't hear it!" and dashed it angrily into the corner. The next day he went to see her, apologized for his outburst of temper, and said that as a penance for it he would force himself to give her not one, but two or three lessons on the Scherzo, and in the most minute and careful manner—which accordingly he did! Fancy any music-teacher you ever heard of so humbling himself to a little girl of fifteen, and then remember that Tausig, the greatest of modern virtuos, said of Liszt, "No mortal can measure himself with Liszt; he dwells upon a solitary height."

One day when Mr. Orth was playing the Allegro of the Sonata Op. 110, Liszt insisted upon having it done in a particular way, and made him go back and repeat it over and over again. One line of it is particularly hard. Liszt made every one in the class sit down and try it. Most of them failed, which amused him. "Ah, yes," said he, laughing, "when I once begin to play the pedagogue I am not to be outdone!" and then he related as an instance of his "pedagogism" a little anecdote of a

rather enjoys it. He reminds me of one of the Cabinet Ministers in Berlin, of whom it is said that he has an amazing talent for making blunders, but a still more amazing one for getting out of them and covering them up.

An accident of this kind happened to him in one of the Sunday matinées, when the room was full of distinguished people and of his pupils. He was rolling up the piano in arpeggios in a very grand manner indeed, when he struck a semitone short of the high note upon which he had intended to end. I caught my breath and wondered whether he was going to leave us like that, in mid-air, as it were, and the harmony unresolved, or whether he would be reduced to the humiliation of correcting himself like ordinary mortals, and taking the right chord. A half smile came over his face, as much as to say, "Don't fancy that *this* little thing disturbs me," and he instantly went meandering down the piano in harmony with the false note he had struck, and then rolled deliberately up in a second grand sweep, this time striking true. I never saw a more delicious piece of cleverness. It was so quick-witted, and so exactly characteristic of Liszt.

Instead of giving you a chance to say, "He has made a mistake," he forced you to say, "He has shown how to get out of a mistake."

On one occasion Miss Fay had gone to have a lesson from Liszt on Rubinstein's Concerto. He accompanied her on a second piano, and was rather disgusted at finding that she had but one copy; he was appeased, however, on hearing that she herself knew the Concerto by heart. She thus describes that lesson, her last: "So he took my copy and played the orchestra part which is indicated above the piano part, and I played without notes. I felt inspired, for the piano I was at was a magnificent grand that Steinway presented to Liszt only the other day. Liszt was seated at another grand facing me, and the room was dimly illuminated by one or two lamps. A few artistes were sitting about in the shadow. It was at the twilight hour, 'l'heure du mystère,' and in short the occasion was perfect, and couldn't happen so again. You see we always have our lessons in the afternoon, and it was a mere chance that it was so late this time. So I felt as if I were in an electric state. I had studied the piece so much that I felt perfectly sure of it, and then with Liszt's splendid accompaniment, and his beautiful face to look over to, it was enough to bring out everything that was in one. If he had only been himself I should have had nothing more to desire, but he was in one of his bitter, sarcastic moods. However, I went rushing on to the end—like a torrent plunging down into darkness, I might say—for it was the end, too, of my lessons with Liszt."

Miss Fay's book is written in a delightful manner, and contains so much information given with such freshness and truth, that we most heartily commend it to our readers. In an equally piquant way she describes Tausig's conservatory, Kullak, and Deppe, and runs through the gamut of musical life in Germany.



Herr Winkelmann, as "Parsifal."

former pupil of his, now an eminent artist. "I liked young M. very much," said he. "He played beautifully, but he was inclined to be lazy and to take things easily. One morning he brought me Chopin's E minor Concerto, and he rather skimmed over that difficult passage in the middle of the first movement, as if he hadn't taken the trouble really to study it. His execution was not clean. So I thought I would give him a lesson, and I kept him playing those two pages over and over for an hour or two till he had mastered them. His arms must have been ready to break when he got through! At the next lesson there was no M. I sent to know why he did not appear. He replied that he had been out hunting, and had hurt his arm so that he could not play. At the lesson following he accordingly presented himself with his arm in a sling. But I always suspected it was a stratagem on his part to avoid playing, and that nothing really ailed him. He had had enough for one while," added Liszt with a mischievous smile.

Liszt sometimes strikes wrong notes when he plays, but it does not trouble him in the least. On the contrary, he

The best care must be taken of the piano if it is to remain in good order for many years. The instrument should be closed when not in use, but not left closed for a long period. It should be opened occasionally and the daylight allowed to strike the keys, otherwise the ivory may turn yellow. Care should be taken that nothing be allowed to fall inside of a piano, as rattling or jingling noises frequently arise from small articles getting on the sounding-board. The top of the instrument should be protected by a cover. The piano should not be placed in a damp room, as dampness is its most dangerous enemy, causing the strings and pins to rust and the action to act heavily. Extreme heat is scarcely less injurious. The piano should not be placed very near to the fire or heater, and it is important that all its parts are kept at the same temperature. It is highly injurious for one end of the instrument to be near a stove or warm place while the other end is next to a window where the cold air can strike it.—RANDOLPH PIERS.



## Foreign Notes.

THE Berlin Philharmonic Society has just adopted the Paris diapason normal.

"THE MIKADO" has obtained great success in Berlin, Hamburg, and Leipzig.

A CYCLE of Wagner's music-dramas has been arranged to take place at Buda-Pesth during the coming winter.

A MEMORIAL tablet is to be placed on the house in which Meyerbeer lived in Berlin, No. 6, Pariser-platz.

MISS VAN ZANDT, the well-known *prima donna*, who was reported to be dying of paralysis at Vichy, is now happily recovering.

It is fully expected that Verdi's new opera "Iago" will be produced at Milan in the winter, and will thus also be available for the next London season.

THE electric light is shortly to replace gas in the Paris Grand Opéra. Over 6000 incandescent lamps will be used.

THE Swiss papers record the death of Friedrich Haas, the builder of the famous organ in the Stiftskirche, often misnamed the Cathedral of Lucerne.

LE MÉNÉSTREL states that Meyerbeer's widow, who died worth £100,000, has left her fortune to her nephews, thereby cutting off her two daughters.

MISS AGNES LARCOM has won great success as a vocalist at concerts in Holland, with the orchestra of the Berlin Philharmonic Society.

WEBER's early and little known opera "Sylvana" has lately been revived at Dresden and other German cities with striking success.

A NEW symphony by Rubinstein will be produced during the forthcoming season of Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig.

ONE of the leading novelties to be produced by the German Opera Company in New York, next season, will be Goldmark's "Merlin," of which the company has secured the right of first performance.

WAGNER's "Ring des Nibelungen" was performed at Munich on the 23rd, 25th, 27th, and 29th ult., and it is intended to repeat the performance on the 13th, 15th, 17th, and 19th inst.

AT Oedenburg, in Hungary, the birthplace of Liszt the chief citizens have resolved to erect a bronze monument to the deceased musician. Prince Paul Esterhazy, has been elected President of the Committee.

HERR ALBERT NIEMAN, the celebrated tenor of the Berlin Royal Opera, is going to America for three months next winter, in order to appear in a series of performances there.

THE famous Italian painter, Domenico Morelli, is engaged upon a picture, the subject of which has been taken from the libretto of Verdi's forthcoming opera "Iago."

A NEW Hoftheater will shortly be opened at Schwerin with a performance of Gluck's "Iphigénie en

Tauride." The building contains a large concert-room, which will be inaugurated with Beethoven's Choral Symphony, &c.

THE Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in a letter to Baron Loen, proposes to found a Liszt Fund for the promotion of music in Germany, by giving bursaries to deserving musical pupils of both sexes. The address of the new Fund is to be the house which Liszt so long occupied in the little capital of the Duchy.

THE death is announced at Boston, U.S., of Mr. Daniel Simpson, who is said to have been the oldest drum-player in the world. He had attained the ripe old age of ninety-six, and he was one of those who, as a boy of nine, played the muffled drum at the funeral of George Washington in 1799.

It is rarely that a musical critic can glance back at forty years' continuous service upon a newspaper. Herr Carl Bank has, however, recently celebrated his fortieth anniversary on the Dresden *Journal*. He is now seventy-five, and before he joined the *Journal* he was a member of Schumann's staff on the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.

By order of the Princess Wittgenstein, a Mass for the late Abbé Liszt was celebrated on the 10th ult., in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte. Professor Sgambati, a prominent disciple of the school of the deceased *maestro*, presided at the organ. The well-known romantic and devoted friendship of the Princess for the great musician lent a special interest to this mournful celebration in certain classes of society.

MME. MARIE ROZE, when leaving Vichy for Paris was made the object of quite an ovation on the part of her admirers, who presented her with no fewer than seventeen bouquets and wreaths. It should be stated that the eminent artist had some claim to the gratitude of the authorities who took part in this flattering testimonial, for during her stay at Vichy she sang for the benefit of the poor of the place, and the receipts of the concert amounted to nearly £120.

It appears that the bands of the various French regiments have such different modes of executing the "Marseillaise," that when several of them are called upon to play together they are obliged to practise it before the combined performance takes place. This fact has much exercised the mind of General Boulanger, the active Minister of War, who has accordingly asked all the military bandmasters to devote their attention to the matter. The arrangement which the authorities will select will be published and declared official, and the uniformity that is now lacking will thereby be secured.

THE Roman Municipality telegraphed a message of condolence to the Burgomaster of Raidury, Liszt's birthplace; as did also the Society of St. Cecilia and the Roman Orchestral Society. The latter sent two representatives to the funeral. The majority of the Romans, accustomed for so many years to Liszt's presence among them, will not fully realise their share of the general loss to the musical world until the coming winter season, when the absence of the familiar face, the strong profile, and the long silvery hair will seem to leave a blank at the chief musical solemnities.

THE season for outdoor amusements in Berlin, says the special correspondent of the *Era*, may be considered at its height now. Although the weather cannot be regarded as very fine, nevertheless the open-air theatre and concert gardens are crowded nightly. The International Exhibition of Arts may be looked upon as the place which is patronized the most. Here you can see the élite of Berlin society promenading and listening to the strains of two fine military bands, which are always in attendance. A selection from the well-known "Mikado," which has so captivated the Berliners, can be heard almost nightly, and is most rapturously applauded. Next to the Exhibition comes Kroll's Theatre, where at present Herr Bötel, the new tenor, is achieving such great triumphs. Attached to the theatre is a handsome garden, where promenade concerts are given. No Englishman visiting Berlin in the

summer should fail to go to the gardens, which look magnificent lighted up by thousands of coloured lamps and numerous electric lights. The Belle Alliance Theatre is somewhat the same as Kroll's, with the exception that Kroll's has the advantage of being situated in the Thiergarten. The Flora, in Charlottenburg, with its abundance of rare tropical plants, which surround the fine conservatory, containing grottoes, palms, ferns, &c., is at present a place of special interest, for here it is where Prince Dido, of Didotown, with several of his Cameroun chiefs, is residing. Prince Dido was recently presented, at Potsdam, to the Crown Prince, who had a lengthy conversation in English with him about the customs of the natives in the new German colony. Anybody wishing to see a good variety show must go to the Neue Welt, Rixdorf. A splendid stage is erected in the grounds, and a good company of artists perform there nightly. A grand display of fireworks can be seen at the Weissensee, which is a splendid lake. Taken altogether, as regards outdoor amusements, Berlin stands in the front rank.

## THE London Wagner Society.

THE London Branch of the United Richard Wagner Society of Germany has recently brought its third season to a successful termination. The following were the season's engagements:

- FEB. 13.—Conversazione.
- MARCH 16.—"A Plain Statement of Wagner's Art-Principles." Conference, by B. L. MOSELEY, Esq.
- APRIL 13.—"The Inner Significance of 'Der Ring des Nibelungen.'" Paper, by W. C. WARD, Esq.
- MAY 18.—"Notes on Bayreuth and the Wagner Theatre." Lecture, by H. F. FROST, Esq.
- JUNE 1.—"Introductory to the Study of Wagner's Comic Opera 'Die Meistersinger.'" Paper, by C. A. BARRY, Esq.
- JULY 17.—"The Music of 'Der Ring des Nibelungen.'" Lecture, by T. S. SHEDLOCK, Esq.
- JULY 6.—"Dramatic Reading." By Miss ALMA MURRAY.

Mr. Moseley's Conference took the form of an extemporaneous address, in which a wide field was traversed, for it was an attempt, and a very satisfactory one, to denote in a succinct and comprehensive form the main outlines not only of Wagner's Art-Principles, but of the three standpoints—musical, dramatic and philosophical—from which his music-dramas are to be regarded.

Mr. Ward's paper offered an elaborate solution of the ethical significance of the poem of the "Nibelungen." The tetralogy was shown to be instinct with symbolism of so consistent a character that it was impossible to deny to the work the title of an allegory which was almost epical in the sequential development of its incident.

The deeper aim of the work was an apotheosis of aspiring and suffering humanity—its deeper message to mankind an announcement that all dogmatic theological creeds must ultimately give way to one universal religion built upon a broader basis—*i.e.*, the simple belief in a Divine and a Saving Love.

Mr. Frost's lecture took the form of a plain, unvarnished statement of some interesting details referring to the town of Bayreuth, its Festspielhaus and the "Parsifal" representations. Mr. Shedlock joined Mr. Frost in pianoforte illustrations from the *Bühnenweihfestspiel*.

The essay upon the "Meistersinger," by Mr. Barry, was a masterly examination of the musical and dramatic structure of Wagner's only lyric-comedy.

Mr. Shedlock, in his paper upon the "Nibelungen," confined himself exclusively to the music, which was shown to be based upon a profound study and assimilation of the melodic systems of Bach and Beethoven. That which might be called new in Wagner's music was his wonderful use of the *leit-motif* and the inexhaustible metamorphoses, always of high dramatic portent, which it underwent. Numerous pianoforte illustrations were rendered by the lecturer with all requisite proficiency.

The closing event was a dramatic reading by Miss Alma Murray, in which the talented creator of the rôle of Beatrice in the "Cenci" appeared to signal advantage in a programme selected from the works of Wagner, Shakespeare, Shelley, Hugo, Browning, &c.



# Accidentals.

MR. SYDNEY SHAW has composed a new oratorio, entitled "Gethsemane," which will be performed in St. James's Hall towards the end of October.

A NEW tenor named Bartlett, of whom great hopes are held, is said to have recently been discovered in a linen-draper's shop at Liverpool.

"Do you enjoy Meyerbeer?" she asked him, as they were sitting at a concert recently. "Well, to tell the truth," he answered, "I don't know that I ever drank any," and then they sat still and listened.

ACCORDING to the *Christian Leader*, the induction of a Unitarian Minister in a New England town had to be postponed the other day because "The Mikado" was to be played in the theatre that night and the members of the choir must sing there.

ONE of the most recent Schubertian discoveries of Herr Max Friedländer is said to be a quintet for two tenors and three basses, being a setting of Goethe's "Schusucht" from "Wilhelm Meister." We presume this is a different version from that already published. Schubert was fond of setting the same verses again and again.

IN the new organ now being built by Messrs. Willis for Canterbury Cathedral, the electric current is employed as a transmitter of power from the fingers of the organist to the pipes, which will be 120 feet above him. This is no new application of electricity, for the same thing has been done in past years. But the system employed is new, and is the invention of the builders of the organ.

THE report circulated by a Paris journal that the wedding of Mme. Christine Nilsson and Count Angel de Miranda had already taken place is contradicted. This, it is explained, cannot be until the Papal dispensation applied for has been obtained, which will probably be next month. The lady is at present staying at Schwalbach.

LISZT has left several posthumous works. The most important is a finished cantata, "St. Stanislaus," which Messrs. Novello will, it is understood, publish. There is also a work in memory of Richard Wagner. The literary remains are likely to be plentiful, and among the most interesting will be Liszt's letters to his daughters, with whom he kept up a voluminous correspondence in the truly old-fashioned style.

ONE of the features of the Leeds festival to be held in October will, we understand, be a performance under Sir Arthur Sullivan of Bach's Great Mass in B minor, without cuts and also without additional accompaniments save a specially written organ part. Some obsolete instruments, such as *oboi d'amore* and possibly the *cornò di caccia*, specially manufactured for the occasion from old models, will be used.

AMID many loving but careless allusions to the fine arts in Mme. Richter's "Melita" (a Turkish love story in English), we find a Turkish gentleman who plays Arabian tunes on a modern West European pianoforte; a lady who, sitting in her boudoir in a cashmere dress, is said to look "more than ever like the Venus of Milo;" and a famous poem of Goethe's attributed to Schubert, probably because he composed music to it.

M. HERVÉ, the popular French operettist, has been moved by the reiterated announcements, lately made in French papers, that he has been naturalised as an Englishman, to publish a statement on the subject. After citing his recent productions for the French stage as proof that he is still a Parisian, he explains that his affection for English manners and customs has led him to purchase a small property at Folkestone, and that he has become naturalized merely to avoid the contingency of being expelled from the country in case of war between France and England.

M. GOUNOD, says the *St. James' Gazette*, seems of late to have formed a great many musical projects. Not many weeks have passed since we heard of his establishing himself in the Cathedral of Rheims, at the foot of the altar, there to compose his cantata on the subject of Joan of Arc. Next he was reported to have undertaken a lyrical work, in dramatic form, but not intended for the stage, on the subject of Abailard and Héloïse. Now we are told that he is about to compose an opera, for which the subject of the libretto will be furnished by Alfred de Musset's "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour," a work full of dramatic situations leading themselves readily to musical treatment.

A GOOD deal has been said of late of the mistakes of literary people in writing about music, and many rich blunders have been quoted; but we doubt if anything more absurd has ever been perpetrated in this line than the mistake in a sentence in the *Spectator* of Saturday last. Speaking of Heidelberg and the vagaries of the professors, our contemporary tells us of one who did not disdain to attire himself in the dress of a street-musician and amuse an evening party with his "improvised organ-grinding." Improvisation by the handle of the barrel-organ! This is really too funny; it beats even George Eliot's famous description of the "sweet series of descending fifths."

THE death of the famous basso, Emil Scaria, is likely to encourage Wagner scoffers. After he was specially selected by Richard Wagner to create the part of Wotan in "The Nibelung's Ring," Scaria became "Wagner mad." Early this year his brain was affected, and in his ravings he believed he was Wagner himself returned to life. He sang scraps from the Wagner operas all day long. The cause of his demise given as paralysis of the brain. Scaria, who had the highest reputation in Germany as an operatic basso, was born at Grätz, in Styria, in 1838, and after studying at the Vienna Conservatoire he came, in 1860, to London for finishing lessons under Manuel Garcia. In London he created the parts of Wotan in "The Nibelung's Ring" in 1882, and of Gurnenanz in "Parsifal" in 1884. The latter creation was his last in London.

AT the close of the concert given by Mme. Patti in aid of the Swansea Hospital on the 18th ult., Sir Hussey Vivian, on behalf of the Committee of the Swansea Hospital, presented Mme. Patti with the portrait of herself, painted by Mr. J. Sant, R.A. Sir Hussey said that the presentation was in some measure as a recognition of the great benefit Mme. Patti had conferred on the Swansea Hospital. Since her residence at her mountain home in Wales Mme. Patti had twice before given her services, and the institution had benefited to the amount of £1400 or £1500, and from what he saw that day another handsome sum would be added. Sir Hussey Vivian concluded by stating that the cost of the portrait, which is valued at £1000, had been subscribed by the committee of the hospital.—Mme. Patti requested Mr. Spalding, as her oldest friend, to acknowledge the gift.

THE following *bonne histoire* is told by the veteran manager, Max Maretzek. It appears that early in the fifties Maretzek engaged a concert company for a tour of New England, the troupe including two ladies and two gentlemen. The artistes being little known to the New England public, it was decided, from purely business motives, to "star" upon the bills and the programmes the names of the composers whose works were to be performed. Accordingly, the artistes' names appeared in small type below the conspicuous cognomens of Handel,

Bellini, Beethoven, and Mozart. But what was the astonishment of the ingenious manager when, on the morning after the concert, he received from the landlord of the hotel a bill for the board and lodging of the troupe which read as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Mozart, room, meals, wine, &c.	1	12	0
Mr. Handel, room, meals, wine, &c.	1	10	0
Mrs. Bellini, room, meals, bath, and carriage	1	46	0
Mrs. Beethoven, room and meals	0	16	0

Mr. Maretzek has that bill in his possession to the present day.—*The Figaro*.

THE Leeds triennial festival this year will be the last of the series of provincial festivals of the year, being fixed for October 13, 14, 15, and 16. It takes place under the patronage of Her Majesty, and Sir A. Sullivan is conductor. The principal vocalists engaged are Mme. Albani, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss A. Williams, Mme. Patey, Miss Damian, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Barton M'Guckin, Mr. Sewell Kay, Mr. Santley, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The oratorios selected are Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "Elijah," Handel's "Israel in Egypt," Bach's Mass in B minor, a new oratorio by Dvorák, "Ludmila," with other similar novelties, a cantata, "The Story of Sayed," by A. C. Mackenzie, a new ballad for chorus and orchestra, written for the festival by C. V. Stanford, a concert overture, written for the festival, by F. R. Hattersley, and a cantata by Sullivan, also written for the festival, entitled "The Golden Legend." At the Thursday evening concert Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" also appears in the programme.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Corriere del Mattino* of Naples, publishes, among others, an interesting letter from Bellini to a friend in Palermo. The letter is dated London, 26th June, 1833, and the original is in the Communal Library at Palermo. I translate a passage concerning the representation of "Norma." "Norma" has appeared at this theatre, and I enclose a notice inserted in the *Times* of 23rd June, 1833. There has never been a similar success in the English theatre. Pasta is always immense. Donzelli sings very well, and the choruses not badly. My health is excellent, and I amuse myself exceedingly. London is a magnificent city, and the first in the world; and this magnificence is equally seen in the buildings, the number of fine carriages fitted up with luxury, in the houses, and in the parties, of which there are two, three, or four every evening, each sufficient to divert the most melancholy beings on earth. If it were not so far from Italy, I would return here often, for the inhabitants are very kind and courteous. And then the women are of a beautiful, ideal type, that charms one. In a word, one leads a happy life; still, I have not felt so happy as I was during those brief months in my Sicily! I do not yet see my way to returning there soon, but I do not intend to let much time pass before seeing my native country again."

A LITTLE Frenchman with a black bottle, and a wandering Italian minstrel, with an Æolian harp, stopped in front of French's Hotel the other day (says the *New York Morning Journal*). The Italian played the harp in the regulation iron steamboat style, but although he banged it as if it were a banjo, you could scarcely hear it for the melodious strains of an unmistakable piccolo. The Frenchman, however, had no piccolo. He was whistling. The "Marseillaise," a bit of the "Barber of Seville," and other tunes issued from his pliant lips, and then he stood on his head on the bottle and whistled the "Star-Spangled Banner." Pennies and buttons and matches rattled in his cap because he had whistled so well. The Frenchman said that he learned to whistle as the birds learn to sing. He was born in Rouen, and had whistled all over the world for twenty-five years. He had been in Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland, France, and England. He was able to whistle fifty different pieces, including several whole operas, but of all tunes he liked best to whistle the "Marseillaise." He believed that he had whistled it fully forty thousand times. Two years ago he landed in the United States. People in this country didn't appreciate cultivated and artistic whistling, and often he had to whistle all day for a dollar. He had to whistle for every cent he got. He was able to whistle five hours without stopping, and often had done it. His name is Theodore Delacour.



## Musical Notes and News.

THE death is announced of Mr. Frank Chappell, head of the firm of Metzler & Co.

THE decease is announced of Mr. Daniel Hill, President of the old Sacred Harmonic Society until its dissolution in 1882.

MR. A. C. MACKENZIE is about to begin the music of a new oratorio, the words selected by Mr. Bennett, for the Birmingham Festival of 1888.

THE new building for the Guildhall School of Music on the Victoria Embankment is approaching completion, and will be opened early in October.

A MR. R. LEDOS DE BEAUFORT has been for some time engaged on a biography of Liszt, which will be issued almost immediately by Messrs. Ward & Downey.

M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN proposes to undertake a long continental tour with his wife (once Miss Maggie Okey, of the Royal Academy of Music): he does not intend returning to this country for a twelvemonth.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS, conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society, has been appointed director of the music at St. Anne's Church, Soho, in succession to Mr. Joseph Barnby.

THE second volume of Mr. Rowbotham's erudite "History of Music," has just been issued by Messrs. Triibner. It deals chiefly and in great detail with the interesting subject of the music of the ancient Greeks.

IT has now been arranged that Herr Richter and his orchestra will give two concerts in Glasgow next season. The dates are Tuesday, 2nd November, and Friday, 5th November next.

MME. TREBELLI will leave this country for the United States at the end of September. She intends to sing there in sixty concerts, and will probably return to England next spring.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for translating into English the libretto of Herr Friedrich Luxe's opera, "Der Lehmiid von Ruhla," with a view to its being produced on the operatic stage in this country.

ONE of the principal operatic novelties for next season is likely to be a new three-act opera, by M. Saint-Saëns, entitled "Proserpine." The libretto is based on a drama by Vacquerie, and is by M. Gallet, and the scene is laid in modern Rome.

A NEW "Dictionary of American Music and Musicians," by Mr. F. O. Jones, of Canaseraga, is about to be issued. It will contain biographies of 225 American musicians, histories of music, trade firms, musical societies, lists of operas, &c.

MR. CARL ROSA on the 9th ult. began his provincial tour in Cork. It is curious that, despite the desperate condition of that distressful country, experienced managers find that Ireland alone provides remunerative audiences in the early autumn.

DURING his tour Mr. Rosa will revive "Il Don Giovanni" and Mr. J. P. Jackson's English version of "Lohengrin," and he will produce at Liverpool early in the new year the new Norwegian opera, of which Mr. F. Corder has written both the libretto and the music.

SIGNOR LAGO has now signed the contract for a six-weeks' season of Italian Opera, at cheap prices, at Covent Garden in November. Miss Ella Russell will be

a member of his troupe; but the manager will not have the assistance of Miss Giulia Valda, who will undertake an American season on her own account, under the management of Signor Angelo, who was formerly Mr. Mapleson's interpreter.

MR. J. H. MAPLESON is now busily arranging for his tour with an Italian operatic troupe in the provinces. He has engaged Mr. Healey as agent in advance, and it is said that he has secured a new *prima donna*, upon whom, after the manner of *impresarii*, he places great reliance. That the lady is only twenty-two, is beautiful, and has a phenomenal voice we can all readily believe, although we may be pardoned if we accept with greater caution the managerial prophecy that she will rival Mme. Patti in a single season.

THE Western Counties' Musical Association, which is doing much valuable work in fostering and cultivating musical education in the West of England, has held a meeting of local conductors, branch secretaries, and committees with regard to the next Spring Festival. Mr. D. J. Wood, Mus. Bac., Organist of Exeter Cathedral, the conductor, presided. Most of the chief towns in Devon and Somerset in connection with the Association were represented. It was decided that Handel's "Judas Maccabeus" should form the work for the next Festival morning performance; and that in the evening there should be a miscellaneous selection. The Association shows a considerable amount of healthy vitality—it has a membership of nearly 400, the choir numbering well over 300, with an orchestra of over 60 trained musicians.

STEPS have recently been taken with a view to forming a Choral Association for the Exeter Diocese, with the object of promoting the study and practice of Church music, and the improvement of the singing of the choirs and congregations. A meeting has since been held of the various choral unions affiliated to the Association, The Archdeacon of Exeter presided. After discussing the rules of the Association, the chairman stated that the Chapter would do all in their power to assist the Association and further the Festival of Choral Music proposed to be held in the Cathedral in June or July, 1887. A committee was appointed, with Mr. Roylands-Chanter (Exmouth) as hon. sec. A "Musical Committee" was also appointed, who will practically have the responsible task of arranging the music to be sung at the Festival. Mr. T. Roylands-Smith was selected as diocesan choir-master and inspector of choral unions.

THE Promenade Concerts commenced at Covent Garden on the 14th ult. Looking further ahead, the dates are already fixed for nearly 150 concerts, to be given during the autumn and spring. A series of twenty Concerts to be given at the Crystal Palace will commence on October 23, and it is understood that a prominent feature will, this season, be made of choral performances with a reorganized choir. Six Novello Concerts will be given, and among the novelties will be Mackenzie's "The Story of Sayid," and Dvorák's "St. Ludmila." Sixteen Orchestral Concerts, beginning November 17, will be given by the new London Symphony Society, under Mr. Henschel. Each programme will include a symphony, an overture, and an instrumental solo; and the second part will be miscellaneous. Eight concerts will be given by the Albert Hall Choir, and among the novelties will probably be Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Golden Legend," conducted by the composer. Richter will give three autumn concerts, beginning October 23, and ten summer concerts, commencing April 25. There will be forty-one Popular Concerts, beginning November 1. Besides these, the dates are fixed for fourteen Ballad, six Sacred Harmonies, six Sarasate, six Philharmonic, three Strolling Players', two Bach Choir, two London Musical Society, and a large number of miscellaneous and other concerts. Altogether therefore, apart from the Opera (and two English, one German, one Swedish, one Russian, and three Italian seasons are spoken of), the forthcoming musical season promises to be an exceedingly busy one.

THE Llangollen Musical Festival was held on the 17th ult. in a marquee seating 1,200 people. The presidents at the three sittings were General Yorke, Captain Best, R.N., and Mr. Gregson Fell. The prize of £30 for the best rendering of a popular Welsh chorus by a choir of at least sixty voices was awarded to the Festiniog Choral Society. Amongst those present were Sir

Theodore Martin and Mr. Robert Browning.—Sir Theodore Martin, in moving a vote of thanks to the presidents, said it was with pleasure that he saw such a large assemblage in Llangollen to encourage the performers in the parts they had undertaken. Music had to himself been a refreshment and a joy during all his lifetime, and during the later years of his life had been a recreation to him during his working hours. He had been particularly struck with the exceedingly fine music he had heard in some of the competitions. One man that day had attempted a piece far beyond his compass. Now, he thought that no man should attempt anything which he had not the ability to perform, and that principle was especially applicable to singing. Good singing depended upon the circumstances in which the performers were placed, and perhaps it was rather difficult to sing in a tent. He had himself, being a Scotchman, been nursed in ballads. It was a great pleasure to know that they had amongst them one of England's greatest poets—Mr. Robert Browning (loud applause). Mr. Browning was a great lover of music and a judge of it, and had expressed to him the great pleasure he had derived upon hearing such excellent music, and especially on learning that progress had been made in that remote but lovely neighbourhood. One of their presidents that day had expatiated on Ireland as a musical nation; but he thought that Welshmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen might well greet each other, for they had been nursed in music, and their ballads could not, in his opinion, be excelled. He was most gratified to find that musical culture was advancing in our rural towns and villages.



### Pianoforte-Gymnastics.

By BERNARD ALTHAUS, Professor of Music,  
R.A.M. Leipzig and Berlin.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### WEAK FINGERS.

The weakness of fingers is chiefly caused by want of warmth or deficient circulation of the blood in the tips of the fingers. It is not only most difficult, but sometimes next to impossible, to play properly with cold fingers. To hold them before a fire is useless. The little outer warmth gained flies off directly. Besides, this is an excellent mode of causing chilblains.

The best mode of circulating the blood is to press each finger separately on anything hard till it is perfectly warm—nay, hot. If the circulation be very slow, and the desired result does not soon appear, the nail of each finger ought to be rubbed as vigorously as possible, till it becomes red. The fingers will then be ready for playing.

Warmth is strength and comfort;  
Cold is weakness and misery.

Dull and lazy fingers will soon become more active by such means. At first this exercise should be gone through every ten minutes, later on once every half-hour, always before playing, and as often during the day as possible. Think of this whenever you have a minute to spare. This exercise is a tonic which costs you nothing, and makes the fingers strong.

Nervousness (which is weakness) will also gradually be overcome through the regular and often-repeated pressing of the fingers. It must, like all exercises, be done slowly, patiently, and thoroughly. I again draw attention to the positive necessity of shaking the hands and raddling the fingers after each exercise.

#### SHORT FINGERS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM, NOT LONGER, BUT GO FARTHER AND FARE BETTER.

To make short (or crooked) fingers go farther, it is necessary to stretch them to their utmost extent. This is at first disagreeable, on account of the unwonted and suddenly produced heat in the fingers, which to the ignorant appears only as a pain; also because of the strain on the sinews and tendons. But it will soon be appreciated by sensible pupils, for the bracing effect it has on the fingers, and will finally become a positive want in practicing, if not an absolute pleasure.



The fingers must be stretched in pairs :

1. Thumb and fourth finger.
2. Thumb and third finger.
3. Thumb and second finger.
4. Thumb and first finger.

Each four times. This can be done on a table, or better at the piano, extending the fingers against the front part of the keys, and continuing to stretch till they describe an almost straight line, without any appreciable gap. Practise this whenever the shortness or insufficiency of the fingers in octaves or chords makes itself felt. "Stretchy" chords and octaves will at once become easier.

I have found that after regular daily practice during three months, pupils have been able to grasp a whole note beyond their former compass, and some even two more notes.

No fear need be entertained as to injuring the fingers, as the sinews and tendons of the fingers possess the same qualities as india-rubber, and bear stretching very well. No violence must be used. Every violent exaggeration is against nature, and evil. You must gently, but urgently, persuade your fingers. But even this rule has a few exceptions in pianoforte practice, which shall be mentioned later on. Some exercises *must* be exaggerated to do good.

#### NOISELESS EXERCISES WITH CORKS.

To further loosen the fingers and bring out their elasticity and flexibility, the practice with corks is recommended.

1. Put a soft cork between two fingers, and squeeze them with it as long as possible and bearable (with intervals for rest). Or, not to be misunderstood, I will say: press the cork with the fingers, moving them to and fro, curving them, one pair only at a time; thus :

- a. First and second finger.
- b. Second and third finger.
- c. Third and fourth finger.

2. Practise similarly with two corks and three fingers; that is fingers 2, 3, 4, and 1, 2, 3.

3. Practise in a like manner with three corks and four fingers, the thumb being excluded, as special exercises will be provided for making that finger flexible, and it is difficult to procure a cork long enough to place between the thumb and first finger.

N.B.—Put a smaller cork between the first and second, and third and fourth fingers, and a larger cork between the second and third finger. The position of the corks must be upright or vertical in all these cases.

4. Place a cork horizontally between the joints of each pair of fingers, both the upper and lower joints by turns :

- a. Work each pair and each joint separately.
- b. Work all lower joints together.
- c. All upper joints at the same time.

It has been tried to work also the thumb and first finger by placing a longish piece of wood (covered with a soft substance) between the two fingers, according to their size and distance from each other, when stretched out, but without any appreciable result.

It is advisable to have corks of different sizes ready cut to suit the various sizes of the fingers and the intervals between each pair.

Later on it will be good to practise scales on the piano :

1. With one cork between one pair of fingers.
2. With two corks between fingers 1, 2, and 3.
3. With two corks between fingers 2, 3, and 4.

N.B.—After every one of the above exercises the hand must be shaken, the fingers rattled, and their tips pressed. Such joints as may have gone wrong during the above studies will then shake into their places again, and any pain caused by these cork-studies will also cease directly.

In the end you may practise whole passages of difficult music with corks between the fingers. Such passages will then become easier.

(To be continued.)

## Notices of New Music.

Weekes and Co.

"Youth and Age," Song, by W. Wilson-Barker.

An appropriate setting of Charles Kingsley's beautiful words, "When all the World is Young, Lad," from the "Water Babies." There is beginning to be a marked improvement in the words now selected for songs.

J. Curwen and Sons.

"Footprints of the Saviour," Sacred Cantata, by Edmund Rogers.

Admirers of the hymns of Messrs. Moody and Sankey would doubtless find this a suitable work for choir practice. It is very easy, being in the style of the cantatas of Root and Bradbury, which are sometimes performed at Sunday School celebrations, and if the accompaniments and harmonies are rather tame, the melodies are sufficiently pleasing.

#### London Music Publishing and General Agency Co.

"All the World is Bright," Song in two settings (deux airs de ballet), by Gerard F. Cobb.

Two dainty settings of a pretty little poem which appeared in the *Century Magazine* for October of last year. The rhythm of one of the settings is a polonaise, the other a highly idealized schottische. It is difficult to say which is most charming, and we can only recommend that both should be tried.

Robert Cooks and Co.

"Gladys" (Rustic Dance), and "Lady Teazle" (Minuet), for the pianoforte, by Edward Talbot.

Graceful, if somewhat conventional, and easy to play.

"Guard the Empire," National Song, by James Shaw. A patriotic song which should be popular with lovers of such songs as "The Old Brigade."

"The Voice of Jesus," Sacred Song, by C. Darnton.

Somehow one never tires of this sweet hymn of Dr. Bonar's, "I heard the voice of Jesus say, come unto Me and rest." Those who are fond of sacred songs will find this an interesting addition to their repertoire. We notice one or two rather harsh progressions.

"Queen Mab," Fairy Dance, for the pianoforte, by Michael Watson.

A somewhat slight composition which has, however, all Michael Watson's piquancy.

"Asking the Way," Song, by Gerald M. Lane.

This song deals with the rather threadbare topic of a young man meeting a maiden and in some inexplicable manner getting engaged on the spot. The words are arch and the air is tripping. The song will be appreciated by those who like such songs as "Banbury Cross," and "The North Country."

We have also received "The Ferryman," Dramatic Fantasia for the pianoforte, by A. C. Stericker (Weekes & Co.), and "A little Knot of Blue," song by William Sparks (Frederick Pitman).

#### Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row.

"The Congregational Psalmist and Hymnal." Edited by the Rev. Henry Allon, D.D. The music edited (first edition) by H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. The whole revised by Prof. H. W. Monk, Mus. Doc.

Among standard hymnals this must take a very high place. The advance in congregational singing of late years has been most marked, and there cannot be a doubt that it has been greatly aided by the production of such a work as this. The best devotional hymns of all schools of religious thought have been laid under contribution, and the music is in all cases of befitting character. For this we have cause to be thankful, when the strangely unsuitable character of the tunes, sometimes operatic, or even of floridly bacchanalian stamp, pressed into the service of our churches twenty or more years ago, is remembered. The grand old hymn tunes of the German Church have been largely utilized, but the wise and liberal policy of the editors has included many, ancient and modern, which wanting, it may be, in stately grandeur are yet eminently fitted to express feelings that the measured rhythm of the others cannot satisfy. Of modern contributions, those included in this volume from the pens of living composers, such as Sullivan, Hopkins, Barnby, Oakeley, Redhead, Monk, and others, and of those recently deceased, such as Goss, Smart, Dykes, and especially the first editor, Dr. Gauntlett, are all of singular beauty and appropriateness. How far the principle of annexing melodies from instrumental and other works of the great masters is a right one, may be perhaps questioned; but it has the authority of long usage, and in this volume there are several tunes under the names of Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann, which we should grudge to have, by reason of adherence to a hard-and-fast rule, to exclude. The work has been evidently very carefully edited, and in the case of all the tunes we have been able to examine the harmonies are correct and effective.



### Prize Competition

In order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of Composition.

#### Original Verse.

One Guinea will be given for the best words for a Song. The verses must not run to more than thirty lines; and the prize will only be given to words which satisfy the requirements of poetic feeling, lyrical movement, and technical accuracy. A happy title is of importance. Preference will be given to words suitable for singing by the bass or baritone voice. MS. must reach the Editor not later than Sept. 10.

#### Gems from the Masters.

One guinea will be given for the Six best Selections from Beethoven: no selection to exceed 60, or be less than 30 Bars. Three selections are to be easy for young performers; no conditions are imposed as to the character of the other three. At the head of each selection must be given the source from which it is taken. The pieces in competition must be written on music paper, and reach the editor not later than September 25.

#### Musical Plebiscite.

The attention of our readers is directed to the Musical Plebiscite, announced in another part of the *MAGAZINE*. We hope the project will be taken up heartily. Every purchaser of the August, September, and October numbers of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* will be entitled to take part in this competition, for which the prize is a seventy guinea Schiedmayer & Sohne gold medal piano. The instrument is in handsome walnut case. We give herewith reduced photograph, showing interior. Competitors are not forbidden to take the opinion of their friends.



#### Hymn Tune Competition.

A Waterbury watch, which will keep perfect time, will be given to each person giving the names of the Three best Hymn Tunes in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." Every purchaser of the September, October, and November numbers of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* will be entitled to take part in this competition.

To the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC,

August 16, 1886.

DEAR SIR,

I beg to acknowledge the delivery of the highly valued musical box by Messrs. Pullard & Co. for which I thank you, and at the same time I have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the finest instruments of its kind I have seen.

Yours truly,  
W. Robinson

Herewith we give facsimile letter from winner of "TWENTY GUINEA" Musical Box.



### Illustrated Christmas Carol.

A Five Guinea Musical-Box, from the celebrated factory of Messrs. Paillard & Co., will be given for the best original drawings illustrating a Christmas Carol. Competitors have the utmost freedom as to the words they select for illustration, so long as these are non-copyright. Grace and expression in the sketches, rather than intricacy, should be aimed at. The successful illustrations will be reproduced in the Christmas number. Drawings should reach the Editor not later than October 1.

## Questions and Answers.

A WEAVER LASS.—The verses have much merit; we regret we are unable to print them.

OMEGA (SHELLAND).—We could not undertake to send answers to the multitude of competitors who write for explanation as to "why they are unsuccessful;" neither can we charge our memory with a list of the merits or defects of the thousands of papers sent in.

IVY.—The verses show good feeling, but need a good deal of correction, as the lines do not all correspond in length or beat with their fellows respectively. Your little tunes are very well written and do you credit.

PIANETTE (CONSTANTINOPLE).—The habit of playing for others will tend to lessen your nervousness. How can we possibly express an opinion relative to your future success as a musician, having never heard you play? What a travelled little girl you are! You must feel quite like "a little woman cut short."

E. A. BELCHER (SAN FRANCISCO).—You are entitled to compete for any of the prizes offered. Competition papers from foreign and colonial competitors are admitted to the competition up to the day adjudication is completed; you must take your chance, however, of being excluded should your paper be more than five days late.

SYDNEY SUMMER (HANTS).—The nocturno by Liszt, "La Regatta Venezina," should be played as written in the Litolf edition.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—Sonata referred to is not published in England; you, however, could order it from any music-seller. Not knowing how far you have advanced in technique, we cannot say if it would be easy for you to play. Another of Grieg's Sonatas, Op. 13, in G, however, does not present many difficulties.

J. R. J. (HEATON CHAPEL).—1. If the composition contains one movement, it should end in the same key. 2. Space will not allow our giving extracts and pointing out the faults contained in bars of music sent in; it is waste of time to attempt composition without having mastered the rules of Harmony; further, the amount of mediocre music written is already very considerable, and, unless you have a positive genius for composition, which is certainly not apparent, we should recommend you "not to aspire to the impossible," but devote your time to some branch of study to which you may have a natural aptitude; if, however, you decide to continue studying Harmony, we should recommend you to go in for the Higher Local Cambridge Examination. Your musical reminiscences are interesting. Musical Plebiscite, see answer to Ada (Banbury).

A CONSTANT READER.—Liszt's compositions mentioned are published by Augner & Co., at 8s.

DA CAPO.—Adopt the system of tuning first mentioned. Portraits may be obtained separately on India paper, price 6d. each.

CARRIE.—We are much obliged for your letter, but would recommend a little further acquaintance with your spelling-book. You require practice to keep up your singing.

A WELSH GIRL.—Your letter came too late. Very sorry. Dr. Oliver W. Holmes is author of the hymn "O Love divine who stooped to share."

A VIOLINIST.—Nicolas Lupot was the most famous of French violin makers. He was born at Stuttgart in 1758.

COMPOSER (LIVERPOOL).—Yes. The little waltz known as "Le Désir," and usually attributed to Beethoven, was really composed by Schubert.

M. BERSTEIN (GLASGOW).—Waterbury Watch Competition forms will be given with the September, October, and November Parts. Leader advertisement is misprint. Piano Competition: all pianists living when competition was first announced are eligible.

JESSIE C. CAMPBELL (GLASGOW).—Your answer was incorrect; read reply to Helen Dickson. It would be a "just reward" to publish your letter in full. Be more generous in your judgments of others.

COMPOSER B.—Get one of Novello's primers and learn the first rules of Harmony. When able, send us a violin solo with pianoforte accompaniment, and we will go through same and answer your query as to your wasting time and pains. Your melodies are pleasing.

FAUST.—May you some day realize the brightest of your anticipations. Your kind letter and acknowledgment of good derived from our paper are appreciated by us, and deserve the thanks we now offer you.

ADMIRER OF BEETHOVEN.—Your verses show promise and considerable originality; persevere patiently, read good poetry, and study the form and model of the best masters while preserving your original ideas.

A STUDIOUS OBSERVER (EDINBURGH).—The oratorio "Naaman" was composed by Costa for the Birmingham Festival, 1864.

ORGANIST.—Victor Mustel is a manufacturer of harmoniums. His long struggles against poverty and final success entitled him to be called the "Palissy of Music." The inventions due to MM. Mustel are La Double Expression, La Forté Expressif, La Harpe Eolienne, and Le Métaphone. The firm of Victor Mustel et ses Fils has now gained a reputation as noteworthy in England as in France, and they have distanced all competitors in the production of harmoniums of unrivalled beauty of tone and power of expression.

TANNHAÜSER (LIVERPOOL).—French Edition, "La Musique au Pays des Brouillards" (Music in the Country of Fog), may be obtained through any local bookseller. It is published at three francs (2s. 6d.). The English edition will be ready in December. We are glad to hear the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC "takes the lead of periodicals" in your school.

J. H. W. KILLESHANDRA (IRELAND).—As you have no teacher who can advise you upon "expression, style, and general delivery, &c.," we would recommend you to procure the book on Musical Expression reviewed in this month's number. Your questions respecting "ties and slurs" open up the whole subject of phrasing; our space will not allow our giving examples. Phrasing in instrumental music is the result of a just appreciation on the part of the performer of the general sense of the music; and in this connection we would remark, the player who can only give the value and intervals of the notes without the sense of the phrases, however accurate he may be, is a mere machine. Mr. C— in his book gives full explanation of the marks by which phrasing is indicated.

MISS HORLEY (STANBOROUGH, HERTS), writes: "Can you tell me the names of any practising clubs for the piano-forte; I very much wish to belong to one." Perhaps some of our readers may be able to supply the required information. The idea is worth taking up.

W. G. CRADDOCK (LONDONDERRY).—Two, or any number of persons in the same family may compete in the Musical Plebiscite.

ADA BANBURY (TORQUAY).—Liszt was alive when competition was announced; he may therefore be included in Musical Plebiscite.

A. KINNISON (NEWPORT).—We are sorry your sister did not notice rules to correspondents before sending in MSS. We have searched for her papers without result.

T. B. R.—It is not our province to decide your first question. Respecting presentation plate your supposition is correct. Write to the London Stereoscopic Co., Cheapside, for their list of musical celebrities.

MEHLIN.—Your verses do not reach the standard of "Stanzas of Music":

"The memory haunts my troubled sleep,  
It gnaws at my heart-strings," &c.

How would you like to sing this phrase? To say the least, this is not elegant. Study the rules of prosody.

HELEN DICKSON (ATHENS).—The competitor sending in the competition paper containing the names of Robert Franz's songs, which the cumulative vote of the competitors declared to be the best, obtained the prize. The forms for Musical Plebiscite given with August, September, and October numbers may be filled up with the same or different names. It is gratifying to hear of the "continued pleasure" you derive from the Magazine.

MARY B. (HASTINGS).—Rubinstein's first visit to London was in 1842. He was then only just twelve. No doubt he played in public; but the only printed mention of him to be found is in Moscheles' Diary for 1842, where he is spoken of by that genial master as "a rival of Thalberg . . . a Russian boy, whose fingers are as light as feathers and yet as strong as a man's."

NICHOLAS KULLOK (ANTWERP).—The Sacred Harmonic Society was originated August 21, 1832. Its practical operations did not, however, commence until November 20 following. Its first meetings were held in a chapel in Gate Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

INEZ (COMO).—Franz Peter Schubert died on the 19th of November, 1828. He was 31 years, 9 months, and 19 days old; there never has been one like him, and there will never be another.

CISSY.—Write to the Secretary of the Guildhall School of Music for their prospectus.

ELLA (SOUTH AFRICA).—J. T. Carrodus made his first appearance as a solo player at a concert of the Musical Society of London on April 22, 1863. He was born at Keighley, Yorkshire, January 20, 1836.

MIRANDA.—Translations are of little value, and we could not undertake to recommend you a book to translate. Write for the prospectus of the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W. The Chiroplast is a small machine, invented by John Bernard Logier, about 1815, to keep the hands and fingers of young pianoforte-players in the right position.

### NOTICE.

Owing to pressure on our columns, descriptions of Mr. Brotherhood's *Technicon and Song*, by Mr. A. H. Cross, organist to the Prince of Wales, are necessarily held over.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, published on the 1st of every month. Subscription price 7s. 6d. per annum, post free, payable in advance.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor: MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 23 Paternoster Row. Contributions and letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but for the information of the Editor. It is desired that names be written distinctly to avoid mistakes. MS. cannot be returned unless stamps are sent for that purpose, and no responsibility for safe return can be accepted. We cannot undertake to return any MS., music, or drawing sent in for prize competition, therefore a copy should be retained by the sender.

Complaints reach us of non-delivery of MAGAZINE. These chiefly arise from illegible or otherwise defective addresses, or from orders being enclosed with competition pieces. Orders should be separately addressed "MESSRS. KENT & Co., 23 Paternoster Row, London, E.C."

### Prize Competitions.

The conditions stated are subject to modification up to last issue of this Magazine prior to closing of competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any communications from Competitors. Letters from Competitors asking the results of competitions constantly reach us. To all we must reply that such information is given only in these columns.

The Prizes are subject to be re-announced if the pieces lodged are not held to have sufficient merit.

All pieces in Competition are to be marked outside with the title of Competition, and bear name of Competitor, or *nom de plume*. Address, COMPETITION EDITOR, 60 Old Bailey, London, E.C.








C. LEE WILLIAMS, MUS. BAC., OXON.



• GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL •

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## ON THE HILL SIDE.

A. F. LINDBLAD.

Words translated by  
MARIE A. BROWN.**Moderato.**

Up here on the hill - side many eyes I sing, so free. Far down in the

val - ley that which gives me joy I see. O - ver for - ests tall,

do my glances fall, There where linden green in the

lake is seen There where cot doth stand, there the darlings scanned, Who o'er my heart doth hold com.

*fp* *cres.* *p* *dol.* *con espressione*



mand. She doth not know, What I but know, And

woods may know, And E - cho know: If wind's low sigh, And bil - lows high, Have

*a piacere*

*con espressione e colla parte*

not re - vealed my se - cret shy. Ah no! for here a - lone far up on

*ritard. a tempo*

*fp*

hill - side ma - ny eyes I sing, so free. And far down in the val - ley

*cres.*



that which gives me joy I see. O - ver woods and plain Goes my

*dol. p*

gaze a - gain, And fain, and fain, Would its peace through this ob - tain.

*dim. p*

O - ver woods and plain Goes my gaze a - gain, And fain,

*dol. p* *cres.*

and fain, Would its peace through this obtain.

*dim. p* *smorz.*



## A SUMMER EVENING.

Larghetto.

A. F. LINDBLAD.

Words translated by  
MARIE A. BROWN.

1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> Tenor *pp*  
O'er the for - est, o'er the sea Thou thy veil art throwing,  
1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> Bass. *pp*

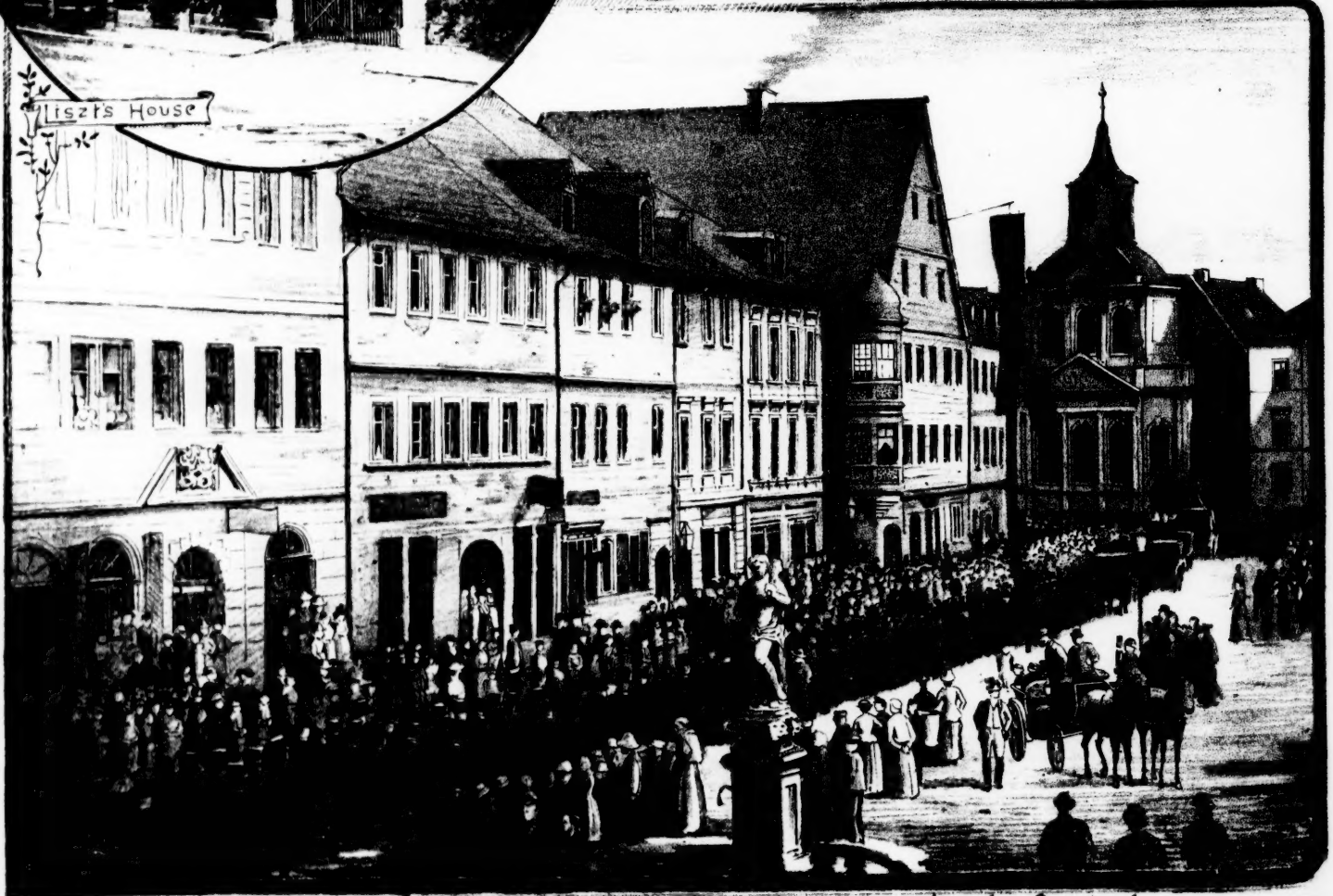
Gen - tle twi - light, and on me This hour of prayer be - stow - ing.  
*cres.* *dim.* *dim.* *cres.*

*pp* All is still, through spa - ces wide Not a sound there quiv - ers.  
*pp*

Earth, just like a hap - py bride, But from long - ing shiv - ers.  
*cres.* *dim.* *dim.* *cres.*

*pp* Yet, oh heart, why lan - guish! In an hour so heal - ing .....  
*pp* *p* *p*

Say is joy, of mor - tal feel - ing, But a bliss - ful an - guish?  
*cres.* *f* *p* *p* *cres.* *f*

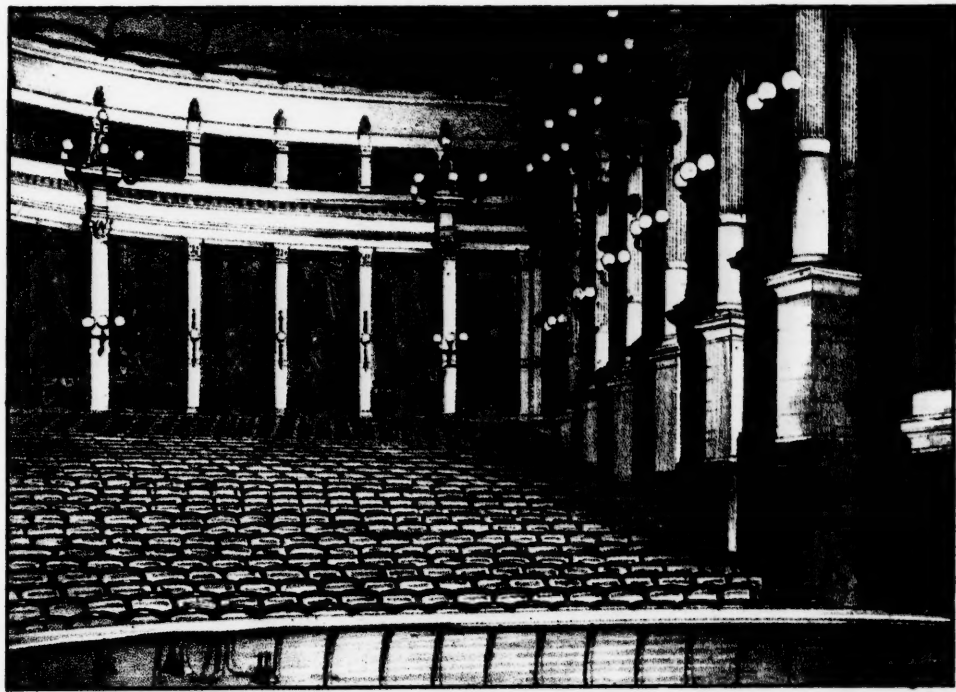


Street in Bayreuth—the funeral procession

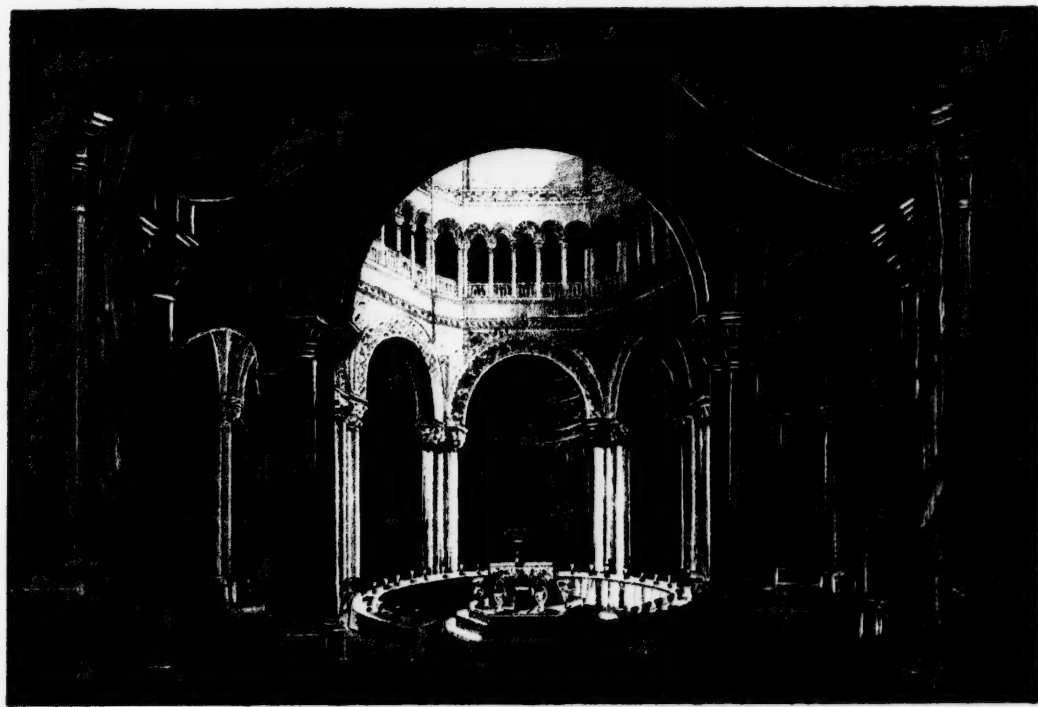


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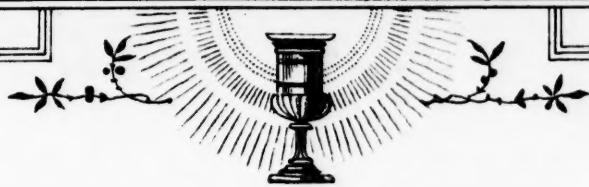
Festival at Bayreuth  
INTERIOR OF WAGNER'S THEATRE.



THE AUDITORIUM



THE HALL OF THE GRAIL



## A SUMMER DAY.

A. F. LINDBLAD.

Words translated by  
MARIE A. BROWN.

Poco Allegretto.

Oh, fra-grant summer breeze, my

*p* *sempre p e molto legato*

cheeks caress en-joy-ing! And oh, how fresh and cool thy kiss up-on my brow!

Thy merry hum I hear, when thou with flow'rs art toy-ing, Thou makest dreams more sweet dis-

turb'd by thee just now. Hear, what a song from sea and for-est ring-ing!

*cres.*



Ah, soothe the grief in - tense which still my soul is sting - ing! Come, gentle summer breeze!

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, and begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time, and begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

Bring me but peace and ease, Then no joy do I request, But only grant me rest!

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

Hark, what a voice in thy low sigh is speak - ing! In thee my troubled breast what

The third system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo) and *p* (piano).

charm - ed comfort seek - ing! Go, gentle summer wind! Greet both the birch and lind!

The fourth system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

I enjoy'd their peace, 'tis flown, For but a moment known.

The fifth system of music concludes the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

## POLSKA FROM UPLAND.

J. DANNSTROM.

Words translated by  
MARIE A. BROWN.*Allegretto.*

la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Ah, bright stars with eyes so good and beam-ing, Did you see my love last  
If I go quite lone-ly and for - sa - ken, Boys may still from ev - ry

*rit.*  
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

*a tempo*  
night, to wait me seem-ing? He vowed that he would come to me in bow - er  
tree and branch be ta - ken, Friend of mine, he will not come I doubt it

*col canto*  
*a tempo*



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

When the lin-den stood in leaf and flow-er. Lin-den's bloom now show-ing,  
But I do not care one bit a-bout it. Sor-row is so wear-ing,

Sum-mer-wind is blowing; But I sure-ly think my friend has been pre-vent-ed.  
I'm too young, not car-ing; If I lose a friend a hun-dred more will greet me.

*p*

Should he then be faith-less, This will leave me scath-less, 'Twill not pale my cheeks he's  
They shall not be-set me, None shall ev-er get me, For I know full well that

*rit.*

*col canto*

not la-ment-ed. Tral-la, la, la, la, not la-ment-ed.  
all will cheat me. Tral-la, la, la, la, all will cheat me.

*f*



FESTIVAL AT BAYREUTH.  
COSTUME PORTRAIT "PARSIFAL."  
KUNDRY.